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A New Verſion

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Fitted to the TUNES
Uſed in CHURCHES.

A Bible, O.T. Psalms

BY

N. BRADY, D. D. Chaplain in Ordinary, and N. TATE, Eſq; Poet-Laureat, to His Majeſty.

LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M. DCC. LXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

May 23, 1698.

HIS Majeſty having Allowed and Permitted the Uſe of a New Verſion of the Pſalms of *David*, by Dr. *Brady*, and Mr. *Tate*, *in all* Churches, Chapels, *and* Congregations, *I cannot do leſs than wiſh a good Succeſs to this* Royal Indulgence; *for I find it a Work done with ſo much* Judgment *and* Ingenuity, *that I am perſuaded it may take off that unhappy Objection which has hitherto lain againſt the* Singing Pſalms, *and diſpoſe that Part of Divine Service to much more Devotion. And I do heartily recommend the Uſe of this Verſion to all my Brethren within my Dioceſe.*

H. LONDON.

An Alphabetical TABLE, shewing where to find each PSALM by its Beginning.

	Page
A	
AGainſt all theſe	47
As pants the Hart	58
At length, by certain	93
B	
Behold, O God	104
Bleſs God, my Soul	132
Bleſs God, ye Serv.	176
D	
Defend me, Lord	41
Deliver me, O Lord	75
Do thou, O God	72
F	
For ever bleſs'd	185
For thee, O God	81
From loweſt Depths	173
From my youth	173
G	
Give ear, thou Judge	71
God in the great	108
God is our Refuge	62
God's Temple cr.	113
H	
Had not the Lord	171
Happy the Man	57
Have Mercy, Lord	68
Hear, O my People	99
He's bleſt, whoſe Sins	43
He that has God	119
Hold not thy Peace	109
How bleſt are they	154
How bleſt is he	9
How good and	120
How long wilt	20
How many, Lord	10
How vaſt muſt	175
I	
Jehovah reigns	125
Jehovah reigns	127
I'll celebrate thy	40
In deep Diſtreſs	169
In Judah the	97
In thee I put	89
In vain, O Man	69
Judge me, O Lord	37
Juſt Judge of Heav'n.	59
I waited meekly	55
L	
Let all the Juſt	44
Let all the Lands	82
Let all the liſt'ning	65
Let David, Lord	174
Let God, the God	83
Lord, hear my Cry	78
Lord, hear my Pray'r	184
Lord, hear the Voice	12
Lord, hear the Voice	80
Lord, let thy juſt	91
Lord, not to us	150
Lord, ſave me, for	70
Lord, thou haſt	111
Lord, who's the	21
M	
My crafty Foe, with	49
My God, my God	31
My Soul for Help	78
My Soul, inſpir'd	131
My Soul with	151
N	
No Change of Times	24
O	
O All ye People	63
O come, loud Anth.	123
Of Mercy's never	128
O God, my gracious	79
O God, my Heart	144
O God of Hoſts	110
O God, to whom	122
O God, who haſt	77
O God, whoſe former	145
O Iſrael's Shepherd	105
O Lord, I am not	174
O Lord, my God	13

O Lord,

	Page
O Lord, my Rock	39
O Lord, our Fathers	59
O Lord, the Sav.	118
O Lord, that art my	11
O Lord, to my	89
On thee, who dwell	107
O praise the Ld. with	176
O praise the Lord, for	152
O praise the Lord in	191
O praise the Ld. and	187
O praise the Ld. with	188
O praise the Lord with one	176
O praise ye the Lord	190
O render Thanks	134
O render Thanks to	137
O thou, to whom all	15
O 'twas a joyful	170
P	
Praise ye the Lord	147
Preserve me, Lord	182
Protect me from my	22
R	
Resolv'd to watch	54
S	
Save me, O God	86
Since godly Men	19
Since I have plac'd	19
Sing to the Lord	126
Sing to the Lord	124
Speak, O ye Judges	74
Sure wicked Fools	20
T	
Thee I'll extol	186
The Heav'ns declare	28
The King, O Lord	30
The Lord hath spoke	66
The Lord himself	34
The Lord, the only	64
The Lord to thy	29
The Lord unto my	147
The Man is blest	148
The Man is blest	173
The wicked Fools	70
This spacious Earth	34
Tho' wicked Men	50
Thou, Lord, by	280
Thy chast'ning Wrath	53
Thy dreadful Anger	13
Thy Mercies, Lord	115
Thy Mercy, Lord	73
Through all the	45
To bless thy chosen	83
Thy Presence why	17
To celebrate thy	15
To God I cry'd	98
To God, in whom	35
To God, our never	107
To God the mighty	177
To God with mour.	183
To God your grateful	141
To my Complaint	112
To my just Plea	23
To thee, my God	114
To thee, O God	96
To thee, O Lord	183
To Sion's Hill	159
W	
We build with	172
When I pour out	128
When Isr'el, by	149
When Sion's God	171
When we our	179
While I the King's	61
Whom should I fear	37
Who place on Sion's	171
Why hast thou cast	94
With chearful Notes	152
With Glory clad	121
With my whole	180
With one Consent	127
With restless and	9
Y	
Ye boundless Realms	189
Ye Princes that	40
Ye Saints and Serv.	149

DIRECTIONS

ABOUT THE

TUNES and MEASURES.

ALL Pſalms of this Verſion in the *Common Meaſure* of Eights and Sixes (that is, where the firſt and third Lines of the ſingle Stanza conſiſt of eight Syllables each, the ſecond and fourth Lines of ſix Syllables each) may be ſung to any of the moſt uſual Tunes: namely, *York*-tune, *Windſor*-tune, *St. David's*, *Litchfield*, *Canterbury*, *Martyrs*, *St. Mary's*, alias *Hackney*, *St. Anne's*-tune, &c.

As the Old 25 Pſalm, may be ſung the New 25, 31, 51, 67, 130, 142.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 148.

As the Old 104, the 149.

The Pſalms in this Verſion of four Lines in a ſingle Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line, (if Pſalms of Praiſe or Chearfulneſs) may properly be ſung as the Old 100 Pſalm, or to the Tune of the Old 125 Pſalm, ſecond Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Pſalms, in the ſame Meaſure, may be ſung as the Old 51 Pſalm; which Tunes, with all the afore-mentioned, are printed in the *Supplement* to this New Verſion.

A New

Psalm I.

1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
by ill Advice to walk,
Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits
where Men profanely talk!

2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Business and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3 Like some fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and Success
all his Designs attend.

4 Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
no lasting Root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
like Chaff before the Wind.

5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb
before their Judge's Face;
No formal Hypocrite shall then
amongst the Saints have place.

6 For God approves the just Man's Ways;
to Happiness they tend:
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
shall both in Ruin end.

Psalm II.

1 WITH restless and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen storm?
Why in such rash Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?

2 The Great in Counsel and in Might
their various Forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.

3 "Must we submit to their Commands?
presumptuously they say;
"No, let us break their slavish Bands,
"and cast their Chains away."

4 But God, who sits inthron'd on high,
And sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Design.

5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break
on his rebellious Foes;

And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe:
6 "Though madly you diſpute my Will,
"the King that I ordain,
"Whoſe Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill,
"ſhall there ſecurely reign."
7 Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontrol'd Decree:
"Thou art my Son; this Day, my Heir,
"have I begotten thee.
8 "Aſk, and receive thy full Demands;
"thine ſhall the Heathen be:
"The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
"ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
9 "Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
"and cruſh them ev'ry where;
"As maſſy Bars of Iron break
"The Potter's brittle Ware."
10 Learn then, ye Princes; and give Ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear;
rejoice with awful Mirth.
12 Appeaſe the Son; with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13 If but in Part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they, whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

Pſalm III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting, they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore:
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely:
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet
lift up my Head on high.
4 Since whenſoe'er, in like Diſtreſs,
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill;
why ſhould I now deſpair?

5 Guarded

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
my ſweet Repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in Safety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes
my Courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.
7 Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
he only can defend:
His Bleſſing he extends to all
that on his Pow'r depend.

Pſalm IV.

1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear:
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs;
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lies?
3 Conſider that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And, when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4 Then ſtand in awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.
5 The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow
more proſp'rous Times to ſee;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more laſting and more true
Then theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.
8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt:

No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſs'd.

Pſalm V.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint;
accept my ſecret Pray'r:
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain
canſt never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-Place
all Evil doſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View;
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.
6 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood
and in Deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws;
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,
wherein I ought to go.
9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit;
their Heart is ſet on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave;
they flatter with their Tongue.
10 By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.
12 To righteous Men the righteous Lord
his Bleſſing will extend;
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

Pſalm

Psalm VI.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
and spare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be borne.

2 Have Mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aching Bones,
which thou alone canst cure.

3 My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?

4 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
and ease my troubled Soul:
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.

5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim:
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave
can magnify thy Name.

6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
no Hope of Ease I see:
The Night, that quites common Griefs,
is spent in Tears by me.

7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
on my insulting Foes.

8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and listens to my Voice.

9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that with my Fall
Shall blush and rage to see that God
protects me from them all.

Psalm VII.

1 O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd
my Trust alone in thee,
From all my Persecutors' Rage
do thou deliver me.

2 To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r;
Lest, like a savage Lion, he
my helpless Soul devour.

3, 4 If

3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
against his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
who sought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to persecuting Foes
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Dust my Honour lay.

6 Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my Foes
and their insulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my Behalf
the Judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.

7 So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
shall still for Justice fly:
O! therefore, for their sake, resume
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I trust my Cause to thee;
According to my just Deserts,
so let thy Sentence be.

9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Just, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for those
who from his Laws depart.

12 If they persist, he whets his Sword,
his Bow stands ready bent;
13 Ev'n now, with swift Destruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are sent.
14 The Plots are fruitless, which my Foe
unjustly did conceive:
15 The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.

16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilst I from Harm am free:
On him the Violence is fall'n,
which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;

I'll

I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt high,
and celebrate his Name.

Pſalm VIII.

1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant-Tongue
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare.
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng,
that thee and thine oppoſe.
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light;
4 What's Man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wond'rous kind?
5 Him next in Pow'r thou did'ſt create
to thy celeſtial Train,
6 Ordain'd, with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway,
the Beaſts that prey or graze;
8 The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.
9 O thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

Pſalm IX.

1 TO celebrate thy praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works, declare.
2 The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
Their Backs in ſhameful Flight:

Struck

Struck with thy Preſence, down they fell;
they periſh'd at thy Sight.

4 Againſt inſulting Foes, advanc'd,
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain,
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.

5 The Inſolence of heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.

6 Miſtaken Foes, your haughty Threats
are to a Period come;
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.

7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Juſtice to diſpence,
to puniſh or reward.

9 God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage:
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

10 All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.

11 Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord
from Sion his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12 When he Inquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to mind:
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint
Relief from him ſhall find.

13 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create;
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's devouring Gate.

14 In Sion then I'll ſing thy Praiſe
to all that love thy Name,
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.

15 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
the heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
are heedleſly betray'd.

16 Thus

16 Thus, by the juſt Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men, by their own Plots,
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17 No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape,
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation, from his juſt Revenge,
by Numbers be ſecur'd.
18 His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſs'd,
he ne'er forgets to aid:
Their Expectations ſhall be crown'd,
tho' for a Time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathen's Doom.
20 Strike Terror through the Nations round,
till, by conſenting Fear,
They to each other and themſelves
but mortal Men appear.

Pſalm X.

1 WHY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face,
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace?
2 The Wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey:
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns,
which they for others lay.
3 For ſtraight they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend;
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perverſly they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
No Thought of God remains.
5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments, unobſerv'd,
are far above their Sight.
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive
from all Misfortune free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd and Lies:

By

By which the Miſchief of their Heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near public Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to riſle and deſtroy.
9 Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
ſurpriſe their heedleſs Prey
With greater Cunning, or expreſs
more ſavage Rage, than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man,
and modeſt Looks they wear.
That, ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs
their ſudden Onſet fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe,
ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.
13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boaſting ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do;
"he never will repay."
14 But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds
impartially doſt try:
The Orphan therefore and the Poor
on thee for Aid rely.
15 Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
till no Remains are left
16 Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou, who the Heathen didſt expel
from this thy choſen Land.
17 Thou hear'ſt the humble Supplicants,
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.
18 Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'ſt
the Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may perſecute no more.

Pſalm

Pſalm XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?

2 Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart,
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.

3 When once the firm Aſſurance fails,
which public Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly?
from ſuch deceitful Arts.

4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.

5 If God the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Trial does correct,
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?

6 Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone, on their Heads
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup ſhall pour.

7 The righteous Lord, will righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace,
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the Brightneſs of his Face.

Pſalm XII.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.

2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what t'other does impart:
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound
can never proſper long:
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.

4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
"Our Tongues are ſure our own;

"With

"With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray,
"and be control'd by none."

5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe, and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.

6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſhood be,
As is the Silver ſev'n times try'd
from droſſy Mixture free.

7 The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd End:
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.

8 Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe, whom they deſpis'd and vex'd,
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

Pſalm XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
oh, never to return?

2 How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?

3 Oh, hear! and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light,
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.

4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame:
Permit not them that vex my Soul
to triumph in my Shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come; and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring.

6 Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee my God aſcend;
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

Pſalm XIV.

1 SURE wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe
that God is nothing but a Name:

Corrupt

Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows;
no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame. (Tow'r,
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
and all the Sons of Men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
if any Truth or Juſtice knew.
3 But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown and baſe:
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the ſinful Race.
4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's almighty Pow'r diſown?
5 How will they tremble then for Fear,
when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake!
For to the Righteous God is near,
and never will their Cauſe forſake.
6 Ill Men, in vain, with Scorn expoſe
thoſe Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.
7 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ
to break his People's ſervile Band,
Then Shouts of univerſal Joy
ſhould loudly echo thro' the Land.

Pſalm XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man that may
to thy bleſt Courts repair,
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the Thing his Heart diſproves.
3 Who never did a Slander forge,
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor harken to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.
Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
he makes his promiſe good.

5 Whoſe

5 Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains
his Treaſure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.
The Man, who by this ſteady Courſe
has Happineſs inſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand
by Providence ſecur'd.

Pſalm XVI.

1 PRotect me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but thee diſown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.
3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
ſhall be my chief Delight.
4 How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore!
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt,
their very Names abhor.
5 My Lot is fall'n in that beſt Land
where God is truly known:
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand,
'tis he ſupports my Throne.
6 In Nature's moſt delightful Scene,
my happy Portion lies,
The Place of my appointed Reign,
all other Lands outvies.
7 Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford,
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8 I ſtrive each Action to approve
to his all-ſeeing Eye:
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe he ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice:
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in Hope to riſe,
wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;

Nor

Nor let thy holy one in Death
the leaſt Corruption ſee.

11 Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
which to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without Allay,
and Joys that never fade.

Pſalm XVII.

1 TO my juſt Plea and ſad Complaint
attend, O righteous Lord;
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.

2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.

3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day,
and viſited by Night;
And, on the ſtricteſt Trial, found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
ſhall no Offence commit.

4 I know what wicked Men would do
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands
from bloody Paths reſtrain.

5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure,
O guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.

6 Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
to thee my Pray'r addreſs'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.

7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage;
Thou, whoſe Right-Hand preſerves thy Saints
from their Oppreſſors' Rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care,
thy ſhelt'ring Wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes,
that compaſs me about.

10 O'ergrown with Luxury, incloſ'd
in their own Fat they lie;

And

And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth
both God and Man defy.

11 Well may they boaſt, for they have now
my Paths encompas'd round;
With Eyes at watch, and Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the Ground;

12 In Poſture of a Lion ſet,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a covert Way.

13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul:

14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aſpire
no other Bliſs to know.

15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance while they live;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.

16 But I, in Uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without Controul;
And waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

Pſalm XVIII.

1, 2 NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock,
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a Rock,
a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
my Truſt is in thy Mighty Pow'r:
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At Home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

3 To thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe;)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.

4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with Seas of Sorrow compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
in Death's unwieldy Fetters bound.

6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7 When God aroſe to take my Part,
the conſcious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Poſts the Hills did ſtart,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8 Thick Clouds of Smoke diſperſt abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath before him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd
that Coals were kindled at its Flame.
9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
whilſt Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet ſubſtantial Night
was like a ſable Carpet ſpread.
10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings,
with moſt amazing Swiftneſs flew.
11, 12 Black watry Miſts and Clouds conſpir'd
with thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face, with Heaps of Hail
and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.
14 His ſharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts, his nimble Lightning flew,
and quickly finiſh'd their Defeat.
15 The Deep its ſecret Stores diſclos'd;
the World's Foundations naked lay:
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my Side engage,
from Heav'n (his Throne) my Cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell'd.
17 God his reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
my ſtrongeſt Foes Attempts to break;
Who elſe with Eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
the weak Defence that I could make.
18 Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
when I diſtreſt and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.

19 From Dangers that incloſ'd me round,
he brought me forth and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt Cauſe his Goodneſs found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.

20 Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend;
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
Therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.

21, 22 For I his Judgments kept in Sight:
in his juſt Paths I always trod;
I never did his Statutes ſlight,
nor looſely wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But ſtill my Soul, ſincere and pure,
did ev'n from darling Sin refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure,
becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
to various Paths of human Kind;
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
with thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the juſt ſhalt Juſtice ſhew,
the Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſly chuſe to go,
ſhall meet with due Returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble Soul will ſave,
and cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.

29 On his firm Succour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt he was on my Side,
the beſt defended Walls to ſcale.

30 For God's Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
his Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt;
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
and on his ſure Protection reſt.

31 Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
and all my juſt Deſigns fulfils;
Thro' him, my Feet can ſwiftly run,
and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.

34 Leſſons of War from him I take,
and manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break,
forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.

35 The Buckler of his ſaving Health
protects me from aſſaulting Foes;
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill, my Wealth
and Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.

36 My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,
till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
the Method of my Steps deſign'd;

37 Thro' him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
and flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
till I a final Conqueſt make.

38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try,
their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted Strength they lie
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40 Through him the Necks of proſtrate Foes
my conqu'ring Feet in triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe
who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,
but none was able to defend;
At length to God, for Help they cry'd,
but God would no Aſſiſtance lend.

42 Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round:
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious Tribes, as Stife till now,
by God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Scepter bow,
and foreign Nations own my ſway.

44 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
charm'd with Reſpect or aw'd by Fear.

45 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;

For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
and ſtill in ſtronger Holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
the Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt!
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his Salvation bleſs'd!
47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right,
his juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis he that with reſiſtleſs Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues,
48 My univerſal Safeguard he!
from whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free,
from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.
49 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name
ſhall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe;
50 "God to his King Deliv'rance ſends,
"ſhews his Anointed ſignal Grace;
"His Mercy evermore extends
"to David and his promis'd Race."

Pſalm XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill?
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their great Creator's Skill.
2 The Dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
From darkeſt Night's ſucceſſive Rounds
divine Inſtruction ſprings.
3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd:
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
thro' Earth's Extent diſplay:
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.
5 No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dreſt,
has ſuch a chearful Face;
No Giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6 From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes:
And thro' his Progreſs chearful Light
and vital Warmth beſtows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
the Ignorant inſpires.

8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in Search of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd.

10 Of more eſteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb diſtil.

11 My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.

12 But what frail Man obſerves, how oft
he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that knows them all.

13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may,
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.

14 So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be
with thy Acceptance bleſt;
And I ſecure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

Pſalm XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs;
The Name of Jacob's God defend,
and grant thy Arms Succeſs.

2 To aid thee from on high repair,
and Strength from Sion give;

3 Remember all thy Off'rings there,
thy Sacrifice receive.

4 To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire
thy Counſels ſtill direct;
May kindly all Events conſpire
to bring them to effect.

5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd,
" the Lord accept thy Pray'r."

6 Our Hopes are fix'd that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend;
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.

7 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd
on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we'll call to mind
the Pow'r of God moſt high.

8 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them thro' the Plain,
Diſorder'd, broke and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain.

9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

Pſalm XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.

2 For thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only didſt impart;
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt
the Wiſhes of his Heart.

3 Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care
have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſet'ſt it firmly on.

4 He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
didſt his ſhort Span extend;
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5 Thy ſure Defence thro' Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.

6 Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe;
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies;

His

His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
8 But righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.
9 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt but dreadful Doom,
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But Root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.
11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
(But thou with watchful Care didſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent).
12 In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
and gall them in their Flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

Pſalm XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to thee I do complain:
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.
3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore Iſr'el's Praiſes are
of Right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

7 With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies ſurvey,
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus deriding ſay;
8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft
"that he was in Heav'n's Delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now,
"and own his Favourite."

PART II.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Offspring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care.
10 Thou Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from Wrongs
my helpleſs Infant Days;
And ſince hath been my God and Guide,
thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.
11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from Baſan's Foreſt met;
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beſet.
13 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth
a yawning Grave appears;
The Deſert Lion's ſavage Roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My Blood like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints
are rack'd and out of Frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.
15 My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death
my fainting Soul withdraws.
16 Like Blood-Hounds, to ſurround me, they,
in packt Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they piere'd my harmleſs Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.

18 As Spoil my Garments thy divide,
Lots for my Veſture caſt:
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
and to my Succour haſte.
20 From their ſharp Swords protect thou me,
(of all but Life bereft!)
Nor let thy darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.
21 To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
thou didſt my Life defend.
22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name,
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim.
23 "Ye Worſhippers of Jacob's God,
"all you of Iſr'el's Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
"ſincere Obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
"but hears its humble Cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus in thy ſacred Courts will I
my chearful Thanks expreſs,
In preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26 The meek Companions of my Grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread,
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
with Joys immortal fed.
27 Then ſhall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth
one Sov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his ſupreme Prerogative
o'er Subject-Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.
29 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
his Bounty muſt confeſs;
The Sons of War, by him reveal'd
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort;
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.

30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless Race
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Hairs his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

Psalm XXIII.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant Care
my Wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender Grass he makes me feed,
and gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreshing Water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
and to his endless Praise,
Instruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his most righteous Ways.

4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5 In Presence of my spiteful Foes
he does my Table spread,
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.

6 Since God does thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend,
That Life to him I will devote,
and in his Temple spend.

Psalm XXIV.

1 THIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,
the Lord's her Fulness is;
The World and they that dwell therein,
by sov'reign Right are his.

2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,
and his Almighty Hand,
Upon inconstant Floods has made
the stable Fabric stand.

3 But for himself this Lord of all,
one chosen Seat design'd:
O! who shall to that sacred Hill
deserv'd Admittance find?

4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure
whose Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honest Poverty prefers
to gainful Perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
shall show'r his Blessings down;

Whom

Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
with Righteousness to crown.
6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the sacred Courts are trod;
And such the Proselytes to seek
the Face of Jacob's God.
7 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
unfold to entertain
The King of Glory: see, he comes
with his celestial Train.
8 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battle mighty, o'er his Foes
eternal Victor crown'd.
9 Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold
in State to entertain
The King of Glory: see he comes
with all his shining Train.
10 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord of Hosts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

Psalm XXV.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.
3 Those who on thee rely
let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful Lot of such
as wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way;
For thou art he that brings me Help,
on thee I'll wait all Day.
6 Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciously continue still,
as thou wert ever kind.
7 Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodness sake,
in Mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy and his Truth
the righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners Home,
And teaching them his Ways.
9 He those in Justice guides
who his Direction seek;

And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the Humble and the Meek.
10 Thro' all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11 Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my hainous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
In all his righteous Ways.
13 His quiet Soul with Peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
ſucceſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to all his Saints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.
15 To him I lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare,
Which for my Feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my Griefs
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.
17 The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe:
O from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 Do thou with tender Eyes
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely ſet me free.
19 Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Number grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
20 Protect and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in thee.
21 Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe;

Becauſe

Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
on thee alone relies.
22 To Iſr'el's choſen Race
continue ever kind:
And in the Midſt of all their Wants
let them thy Succour find.

Pſalm XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the Paths
of Righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt
repoſe on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search, prove my Heart, whoſe Innocence
will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view
and made thy Truth my Guide.
4 I never for Companions took
the Idle or Prophane:
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
cou'd e'er my Friendſhip gain.
5 I hate the buſy plotting Crew,
who make diſtracted Times;
And ſhun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.
6 I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart ſo pure,
That when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome ſhall ſecure.
7, 8 My Thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell
how thy renown excels:
That Seat affords me moſt Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.
9 Paſs not on me the Sinners Doom,
who Murder make their Trade;
10 Who others Right, by ſecret Bribes,
or open Force invade.
11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence purſue:
Protect me, therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In ſpite of all aſſulting Foes,
I ſtill maintain my Ground:
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints,
thy Praiſes to reſound.

Pſalm XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me,
is ſaving Health and Light?
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports,
what can my Soul affright?

2 With

2 With fierce Intent my Flesh to tear,
when Foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests
where made to strike the Ground.
3 Thro' him, my Heart, undaunted, dares,
with num'rous Hosts to cope:
Thro' him, in doubtful Streights of War,
for good Success I hope.
4 Henceforth, within this House to dwell,
I earnestly desire;
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
and His blest Will inquire.
5 For there may I with Comfort rest,
in Times of deep Distress,
And safe as on a Rock abide,
in that secure Recess:
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head shall raise,
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
and sing glad Songs of Praise.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my Pray'rs receive,
nor my Request deny.
8 When thou to seek thy glorious Face
dost graciously advise;
"Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"
my grateful Heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in Wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
thou didst so oft protect,
10 Tho' all my Friends and nearest Kin
their helpless Charge forsake,
Yet thou whose Love excels them all,
wilt Care and Pity take.
11 Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my Ways directly guide,
Lest envious Men who watch my Steps
should see me tread aside.
12 Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes,
defeat their ill Desire,
Whose lying Lips and bloody Hands
against my Peace conspire.
13 I trusted that my future Life
should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting Soul had sunk
with Sorrow compass'd round.

14 God's

14 God's Time with patient Faith expect,
and he'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength; do thou thy Part,
and leave to him the reſt.

Pſalm XXVIII.

1 O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,
in Sighs conſume my Breath;
O anſwer, or I ſhall become
like thoſe that ſleep in Death.

2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands
before thy Mercy-Seat.

3 Let me eſcape the Sinners Doom,
who make a Trade of Ill,
And ever ſpake the Perſon fair
whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.

4 According to their Crimes Extent,
let Juſtice have its Courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſinn'd without Remorſe.

5 Since they the Works of God deſpiſe,
nor will his Grace adore,
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
and build them up no more.

6 But I, with due Acknowledgment,
his Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cries of my Diſtreſs
a gracious Anſwer found.

7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field.
As he has made my Joys complete,
'tis Juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus reſound his Praiſe:

8 "His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops
"that my juſt Cauſe maintain:
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
"'tis he ſecures my Reign."

9 Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bleſs;
With Plenty proſper them in Peace;
in Battle with Succeſs.

Pſalm

Psalm XXIX.

1 YE Princes that in Might excel,
your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
devoutly due Reſpect afford;
Him in his Holy Temple praiſe,
where he's with ſolemn State ador'd.
3 'Tis he that with amazing Noiſe
the wat'ry Clouds in ſunder breaks;
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when he from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
with what majeſtic Terror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
and ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round.
6 They, and the Hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
or Unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
and ſtubborn Kadiſh lowly bends.
9 He makes the Hinds to caſt their Young,
and lays the Beaſts dark Coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong,
ſecurely ſing his Praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high;
his boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe;
His People he'll with Strength ſupply,
and bleſs his own with conſtant Peace.

Psalm XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who did'ſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
My Foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3 In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to Thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws,
my hopeleſs Life retrieve.
4 Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,
with Songs of Praiſe repair:
With me commemorate his Truth,
and Providential Care.

5 His

5 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign;
his Favour no Decay:
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
with Joy's returning Day.

6 But I, in proſp'rous Days preſum'd;
no ſudden Change I fear'd;
Whilſt in my Sunſhine of Succeſs
no louring Clouds appear'd.

7 But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy Face, I ſaw
my Honour laid in Duſt.

8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my Error I confeſs'd;
And thus, with ſupplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne addreſs'd:

9 "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak thy Praiſe,
"thy wond'rous Truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
"thy wonted Aid extend;
"Do thou ſend Help, on whom alone
"I can for Help depend."

11 'Tis done! thou haſt my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State,
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd,

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe;
And, as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.

Pſalm XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As juſt and righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend;
Do thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.

3 Since thou, when Foes oppreſs,
my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs
thy wonted Help impart.

4 Releaſe me from the Snare
which they have cloſely laid,
Since I, O God, my Strength, repair
to thee alone for Aid.

5 To thee, the God of Truth,
my Life and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my Youth)
I willingly resign.
6 All vain Designs I hate,
of those that trust in Lies;
And still my Soul in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7 Those Mercies thou hast shown
I'll chearfully express;
For thou hast seen my Straits, and known
my Soul in deep Distress.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous Race
did all my Strength inclose,
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger Space
to shun my watchful Foes.
9 Thy Mercy, Lord, display,
and hear my just Complaint;
For both my Soul and Flesh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
10 Sad Thoughts my Life oppress,
my Years are spent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decrease,
and ev'n consum'd my Bones.
11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd,
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at Sight of me were shock'd,
and fled as Men dismay'd.
12 Forsook by all am I,
as dead, and out of mind;
And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,
whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.
13 Yet sland'rous Words they speak,
and seem my Pow'r to dread,
Whilst they together Counsel take,
my guiltless Blood to shed.
14 But still my stedfast Trust,
I on thy Help repose;
That thou, my God, art good and just,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy Servant safely hide
from those that seek his Fall.
16 The brightness of thy Face
to me, O Lord, disclose;

And,

And, as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.
17 Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on thee;
Let that, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.
18 Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
whoſe Breath in Lies is ſpent;
Who falſe Reports, with proud Diſdain,
againſt the Righteous vent.
19 How great thy Mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
doſt to the World proclaim.
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight,
from proud Oppreſſors free;
From Tongues that do in Striſe delight
they are preſerv'd by thee.
21 With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſs'd;
Whoſe Love in Keilah's well-ſene'd Town
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
22 I ſaid in haſty Flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes;"
Yet ſtill thou keep'ſt me in thy Sight,
and heard'ſt my earneſt Cries.
23 O all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager Love purſue,
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely,
courageouſly proceed:
For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with Strength in Time of Need.

Pſalm XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd
no more in Judgment to appear;
2 Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
my Bones conſum'd without Relief;
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar,
but no Complaint aſſwag'd my Grief.
4 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
by Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd:
Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
like Land with Summer's Drought oppreſt.
5 No ſooner I my Wound diſcloſ'd,
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,

But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
6 True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found;
And from the common Deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.
7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.
8 In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that would Truth's ſafe Path deſcry,
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.
9 Submit yourſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,
the harden'd Sinner ſhall confound;
But them who in his Truth confide
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,
their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ;
Let them (as they alone have Cauſe)
in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

Pſalm XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raiſe,
For well the Righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.
2, 3 Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes
in joyful Conſort meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony complete.
4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God,
his Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves, and all the Earth
is with his Goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his Almighty Word at firſt
Heavn's glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light
at his Command appear'd.
7 The ſwelling Floods, together roll'd,
he makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Storehouſe ſafe,
the wat'ry Treaſures by.
8, 9 Let Earth and all that dwell therein
before him trembling ſtand:

For

For when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his Command.
10 He, when the Heathen cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
the People's raſh Deſigns.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled Purpoſe of his Heart
to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the World beſides
has choſen for his own!
13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth
from Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts,
by him their Hearts were made.
16, 16 No King is ſafe by num'rous Hoſts,
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe, by Force and Speed,
his warlike Rider ſaves:
18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him
beholds him with gracious Eyes;
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want
in Time of Dearth ſupplies.
20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
our Help and Shield is he!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
becauſe we truſt in thee.
22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wiſh,
on thee alone depend.

Pſalm XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ.
2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to reſt.
3 O magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name:
4 When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
he to my Reſcue came.

5 Their drooping Heads were ſoon refreſh'd,
who look'd to him for Aid;
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face
a chearful Air diſplay'd.
6 "Behold (ſay they) behold the Man,
"whom Providence reliev'd:
"So dangerouſly with Woes beſet,
"ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd."
7 The Hoſts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his Succour truſt.
8 O make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſs'd they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
he'll make your Wants his Care.
10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
of his religious Fear.
12 Let him who Length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous Days would ſee,
13 From ſland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from Falſhood free.
14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis loſt, renew.
15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
with favourable Eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:
16 But turns his wrathful Look on thoſe
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.
17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
when his Relief they crave:
18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit ſave.

19 The

19 The Wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire:
20 For under their Affliction's Weight
he keeps their Bones intire.
21 The Wicked from their wicked Arts
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.
22 For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on his Truth depend,
To them and their Poſterity
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

Pſalm XXXV.

1 AGainſt all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage
do thou my Battles fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my Defence,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
3 Bring forth thy Spear, and ſtop their Courſe
that haſte my Blood to ſpill:
Say to my Soul "I am thy Health,
"and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe
be to Confuſion brought.
5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind;
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6 And when, thro' dark and ſlipp'ry Ways,
they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath
ſhall goad them as they run.
7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit
did without Cauſe prepare:
8 Surpriz'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own Arts betray'd;
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net,
which they for me had laid.
9 Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name
for his Deliv'rance bleſs;
And by his ſaving Health ſecur'd,
its grateful Joy expreſs.

10 My very Bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
who can compare with thee,
Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man
from ſtrong Oppreſſors free?

PART II.

11 Falſe Witneſſes with forg'd Complaints,
againſt my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge ſuch Things they laid
as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12 The Good which I to them had done,
with Evil they repaid;
And did, by Malice undeſerv'd,
my harmleſs Life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick,
I ſtill in Sackcloth mourn'd:
I pray'd and faſted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breaſt return'd.
14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
I could have done no more!
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief,
a Mother's Loſs deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
in Times of my Diſtreſs?
When they, in Crouds together met,
did ſavage Joy expreſs.
The Rabble too in num'rous Throngs,
by their Examples came;
And ceas'd not with reviling Words,
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.
16 Scoffers that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lies,
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſland'rous Jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my Behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beaſts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I before the liſt'ning World,
ſhall grateful Things expreſs;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19 Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy, or ſecret Signs,
to mock my ſad Eſtate.
20 For they, with Hearts averſe to Peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe,

Againſt

Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
to forge malicious Lies.
21 Nor with theſe private Arts content,
Aloud they vent their Spite;
And ſay "At laſt we found him out,
"he did it in our Sight."
22 But thou, who doth both them and me
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thyſelf in my Behalf,
to Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.
24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let thy cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd.
25 O let them not amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting Language ſay,
"At length our Wiſhes are complete,
"At laſt he's made our Prey."
26 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd,
for Shame their Faces hide;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
that proudly me defy'd:
27 Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.
28 So ſhall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy;
And chearful Hymns in Praiſe of thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

Pſalm XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
his wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
no Fear of God before his Eyes.
2 He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from Sight,
ſecure he thinks his treach'rous Game;
Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
their falſe Contriver brand with Shame.
3 In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
whilſt with his Tongue he ſpeaks me fair;
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
and Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice ſpends the Night
in forging his accurſt Deſigns;

His obſtinate ungen'rous Spite,
no execrable Means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
the higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
beyond the ſpreading Skies extends.

6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains;
the whole Creation is thy Care.

7 Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
with what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
and Saints to thy Protection truſt?

8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
to banquet on thy Love's Repaſt,
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

9 With thee the Springs of Life remain,
thy Preſence is eternal Day;

10 O let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
to upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.

11 Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would ſpurn,
and wicked Hand my Life ſurpriſe;

12 Their Miſchiefs on themſelves return;
down, down they're fall'n, no more to riſe.

Pſalm XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State,
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe:

2 For they, cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs.
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.

3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from Danger, and from Want:

4 Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And he, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.

5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford,
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign:

6 He'll make, like Light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.

7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;

Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake;
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime;

9 For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Who truſt on him, and wait his Time.

10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt Search be found:

11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12 While ſinful Crowds with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous Few combine,
And gnaſh their Teeth, and threat'ning ſtand;

13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride;
He ſees their Ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
And Men of upright Lives to ſlay:

15 But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
Thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Way.

16 A little, with God's Favour bleſt,
That's by one righteous Man poſſeſt,
The Wealth of many bad excels:

17 For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe;
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quells.

18 His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides,
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt;

19 They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

20 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe,
Who proudly dare God's Will oppoſe:
Deſtruction in their hapleſs Share:
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an Inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21 While Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give;
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs,
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.

23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
Of him that moves by his Command;
24 Tho' he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25 From my firſt Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26 Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Offſpring's Wealth increaſe.

27 With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
And ſo prolong your happy Days:
28 For God, who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill.
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31 The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land,
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
His Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
Therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies
In vain the Righteous to ſurpriſe;
In vain his Ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd; but ſave,
And when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

34 Wait ſtill on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land,
Thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhall quit:
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy
Thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.

35 The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And like a Bay-tree freſh and green,
that ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round:

36 But he was gone as swift as Thought,
And tho' in ev'ry Place I fought,
No Sign or Track of him I found.
37 Observe the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all such as upright are:
Their rougheſt Days in Peace ſhall end:
38 While on the latter End of thoſe
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruin ſhall attend.
39 God to the Juſt will Aid afford,
Their only Safe-guard is the Lord,
Their Strength in Time of Need is he;
40 Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

Pſalm XXXVIII.

1 THY chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
Tho' I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.
3 My Fleſh is one continu'd Wound,
Thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt
my Bones have no Repoſe.
4 My Sins which to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'erflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear
too vaſt a Burden grow.
5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt Return;
6 With Trouble I am wrap'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part:
8 With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9. But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſires appear:
And ſure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10 My Heart's oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
11 Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.

12 Mean while the Foes that ſeek my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge ſome new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe Tongue
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear,
16 "Hear me, ſaid I, leſt my proud Foes
"a ſpiteful Joy diſplay,
"Inſulting if they ſee my Foot,
"but once to go aſtray."
17 And with continual Grief oppreſt,
to ſink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
to thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boaſt;
And they who hate me without Cauſe,
are grown a dreadful Hoſt.
20 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindneſs with Deſpite;
And are my Enemies, becauſe
I chooſe the Path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord, my God,
nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my Relief, O thou,
who my Salvation art.

Pſalm XXXIX.

1 REſolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in awe;
I curb'd my haſty Words when I
the profp'rous Wicked ſaw.
2 Like one that's dumb I ſilent ſtood,
and did my Tongue refrain.
From good Diſcourſe; but that Reſtraint
increas'd my inward Pain.
3 My Heart did glow, which working Thoughts
did hot and reſtleſs make,
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
till thus at length I ſpake:
4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how ſoon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe
which this frail State attend.

5 My

5 My Life, thou know'ſt, is but a Span,
A Cypher ſums my Years;
And ev'ry Man, in beſt Eſtate,
but Vanity appears.
6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.
7 Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys
with anxious Care attend?
On thee alone my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my Sins, nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by thee.
10 The dreadful Burden of thy Wrath
in Mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy Load ſhould prove.
11 For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade,
(So vain a Thing is he) like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Prayer;
Who ſojourn like a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were.
13 O ſpare me yet a little Time,
my waſted Strength reſtore;
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

Pſalm XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
'till he vouchſaf'd a kind Reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2 He took me from the diſmal Pit,
when founder'd deep in miry Clay;
On ſolid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
and ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.
3 The Wonders he for me has wrought
ſhall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe;
And others, to his Worſhip brought,
to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
and hates the Hypocrite's Diſguiſe.

12 Mean while the Foes that seek my Life,
their Snares to take me set;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge some new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose Tongue
with conscious Guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
16 "Hear me, said I, lest my proud Foes
"a spiteful Joy display,
"Insulting if they see my Foot,
"but once to go astray."
17 And with continual Grief oppress,
to sink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
to thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boast;
And they who hate me without Cause,
are grown a dreadful Host.
20 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindness with Despite;
And are my Enemies, because
I choose the Path that's right.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
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22 Make haste to my Relief, O thou,
who my Salvation art.

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2 Like one that's dumb I silent stood,
and did my Tongue restrain.
From good Discourse; but that Restraint
increas'd my inward Pain.
3 My Heart did glow, which working Thoughts
did hot and restless make,
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
till thus at length I spake:
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11 For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
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(So vain a Thing is he) like Cloth
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ſhall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe;
And others, to his Worſhip brought,
to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
and hates the Hypocrite's Diſguiſe.

5 Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The Treasures of thy Love surmount
the Pow'r of Number's, Speech and Thought.
6 I've learn'd that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,
for Man's Transgression to atone.
7 I therefore come --- come to fulfil
the Oracles thy Books impart:
8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9 In full Assemblies I have told
thy Truth and Righteousness at large:
Nor did, thou know'st, my Lips withhold
from utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.
10 Nor kept within my Breast confin'd,
thy Faithfulness and saving Grace;
But preach'd thy Love for all design'd,
that all might that and Truth embrace.
11 Then let those Mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy Loving-kindness my Reward,
thy Truth my safe Protection be.
12 For I with Troubles am distrest,
too vast and numberless to bear;
Nor less with Loads of Guilt oppress,
that plunge and sink me to Despair.
As soon, alas! may I recount
the Hairs on this afflicted Head;
My vanquisht Courage they surmount,
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,
for never was more pressing Need!
In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
14 Confusion on their Heads return,
who to destroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
ensnar'd in their own vile Design.
15 Their Doom let Desolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
and Sport of my Affliction made.

16 While

16 While those who humbly seek thy Face
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving Grace,
with me resound, The Lord be prais'd.
17 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care,
Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
to my Relief with Speed repair,

Psalm XLI.

1 HAPPY the Man, whose tender Care
relieves the Poor distrest:
When he's by Troubles compass'd round,
the Lord shall give him Rest:
2 The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,
in Safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the Will of those
that seek to do him Wrong.
3 If he in languishing Estate
oppress with Sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his Bed,
and inward Strength supply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r address'd;
"Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
"tho' I have much transgres'd."
5 My cruel Foes, with sland'rous Words,
attempt to wound my Fame;
"When shall he die (say they) and Men
"forget his very Name?"
6 Suppose they formal Visits make,
'tis all but empty Show;
They gather Mischief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private Whispers, such as these,
to hurt me they devise;
"A sore Disease afflicts him now,
"he's fall'n no more to rise."
9 My own familiar Bosom-friend,
on whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose daily Guest he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.
10 But thou, my sad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard;
And raise me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their just Reward.
11 By this, I know, thy gracious Ear
is open when I call;
Because thou suffer'st not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.

12 Thy tender Care secures my Life
from Danger and Disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
before thy glorious Face.

13 Let therefore Isr'el's Lord and God
from Age to Age be bless'd;
And all the People's glad Applause
with loud Amens express'd.

Psalm XLII.

1 AS paints the Heart for cooling Streams
when heated in the Chace,
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreshing Grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirsty Soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy Face,
thou Majesty divine!

3 Tears are my constant Food, while thus
insulting Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God?
"and where his promis'd Aid?"

4 I sigh whene'er my musing Thoughts
those happy Days present,
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent.
When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,
my solemn Vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred Throng
that kept the Festal Day.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
trust God, and he'll employ
His Aid for thee; and change these Sighs
to thankful Hymns of Joy.

6 My Soul's cast down, O God, but thinks
on thee and Sion still;
From Jordan's Bank, from Herman's Heights
and Misar's humbler Hill.

7 One Trouble calls another on,
and bursting o'er my Head,
Fall spouting down, till round my Soul
a roaring Sea is spread.

8 But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,
has once dispell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems sing,
and all my Vows perform.

9 God of my Strength, how long shall I
like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
to my Oppressor's Scorn.

10 My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid,
" Vain boaſter, where is now thy God?
" and where his promis'd Aid?
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down my Soul?
hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

Pſalm XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Foes
do thou aſſert my injur'd Right;
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2 Since thou art ſtill my only Stay,
why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs?
3 Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt,
be theſe my Guides, and lead the Way;
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred Temple pray.
4 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe,
to God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall all my grateful Hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down, my Soul, and why
ſo much oppreſt with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

Pſalm XLIV.

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen from this Land;
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.
3 For, not their Courage, nor their Sword,
to them Poſſeſſion gave,
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force
their fainting Troops could ſave:
But thy Right-hand and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd,
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.
4 As thou their God our Fathers own'd,
thou art our Sov'reign King:

O therefore, as thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms
the proudeſt Foes ſhall quell,
And cruſh 'em with repeated Strokes
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7 But thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came;
In God we will rejoice all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt
who bear us antient Spite.
11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep,
into their butch'ring Hands:
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive
diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slaves,
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace might grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
the Heathen's By-word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech
and mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
in conſcious Shame I hide,
16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care;
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair,

20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other Gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime descry;
22 Thou seest what Suff'rings for thy Sake,
we ev'ry Day sustain;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep
appointed to be slain.
23 Awake, arise; let seeming Sleep
no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
for ever sue in vain.
24 O wherefore hidest thou thy Face
from our afflicted State?
25 Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth,
with Grief's oppressive Weight.
26 Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste
to our Deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord, --- if not for ours,
yet for thy Mercy's Sake.

Psalm XLV.

1 WHile I the King's loud Praise rehearse,
indited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2 How matchless is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows:
Because fresh Blessings God on thee
eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince,
and clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r
majestic Pomp display.
4 Ride on in State, and still protect
the Meek, the Just and True;
Whilst thy Right-hand with swift Revenge
does all thy Foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r oppose!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart
the feather'd Arrow goes.
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's Sway shall always last,
by righteous Laws secure.
7 Because thy Heart, by Justice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated still the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove,

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oil of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
8 With Caſſia, Aloes and Myrrh,
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the ſtately Wardrobe brought
ſpread grateful Odours round.
9 Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait:
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand
in Golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend;
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.
11 So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due Rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian Matrons rich and proud
ſhall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue
thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's beautious Soul
all inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold,
adorn'd with coſtly Skill.
14 She in her Nuptial Garment dreſs'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
ſhall to the King be brought.
15 With all the State of ſolemn Joy
the Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.
16 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room,
muſt princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'ſt ſend
to govern and protect.
17 Whilſt this my Song to future Times
tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World, with one Conſent,
thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

Pſalm XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
A preſent Help when Dangers preſs;
in him undaunted we'll confide:

2, 3 Tho'

2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Center toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
4 A gentler Stream with Gladneſs fill
The City of the Lord ſhall fill,
The Royal Seat of God moſt high
5 God dwells in Sion, whoſe fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of earthly Pow'rs,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.
6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their Pow'rs:
7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Father's Guardian-God and ours.
8 Come, ſee the Wonders he has wrought,
On Earth what Deſſolation brought.
9 How he has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow;
With them their thund'ring Chariots too
Into devou'ring Flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
For him the Heathen ſhall obey,
and Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs.
11 The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

Pſalm XLVII.

1, 2 O ALL ye People, clap your Hands,
and with triumphant Voices ſing;
No Force the mighty Pow'r withſtands
of God the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
And with Succeſs our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell,
the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
with Shouts of Joy and Trumpets ſound;
To him repeated Praiſes ſing,
and let the chearful Song go round.
7, 8 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown,
for him who all the World commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous Throne,
and ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.
9 Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence
t'adore the God of Ab'ram came,
Found him their conſtant ſure Defence,
How great and glorious is his Name!

Pſalm

Psalm XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd;
In Sion on whose happy Mount
His sacred Throne is rais'd.
2 Her Tow'rs the Joy of all the Earth,
with beautious Prospect rise:
On her North-side th' Almighty King's
Imperial City lies.
3 God in her Palaces is known,
his Presence is her Guard.
4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Success despair'd.
5 They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
with Grief and Terror struck,
6 Like Women whom the sudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets from Tarshish wealthy Coasts,
by Eastern Winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have seen perform'd
a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
his City will uphold.
9 Not in our Fortresses and Walls,
did we, O God, confide,
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes
in which thou dost reside.
10 According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praise thro' Earth extends;
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Justice guides,
chastises or defends.
11 Let Sion's Mount with Joy resound,
her Daughters all be taught
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who his Deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,
your Eyes quite round her cast,
Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there
you find one Stone displac'd.
13 Her Forts and Palaces survey,
observe their Order well;
That with Assurance, to your Heirs,
this Wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
'till Death will be our Guide.

Pſalm XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the liſt'ning World attend,
and my Inſtructions hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Conſent give Ear.

3 My Mouth with ſacred Wiſdom fill'd,
ſhall good Advice impart;
The ſound Reſult of prudent Thoughts,
digeſted in my Heart.

4 To Parables of weighty Senſe,
I will my Ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful Harp I ſing
dark Words of deep Deſign.

5 Why ſhould my Courage fail in Times
of Danger and of Doubt?
When Sinners that would me ſupplant,
have compaſs'd me about?

6 Thoſe Men that all their Hope and Truſt
in Heaps of Treaſure place,
And boaſt in Triumphs when they ſee
their ill-got Wealth increaſe,

7 Are yet unable from the Grave
their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can by Force of coſtly Bribes
reverſe God's firm Decree.

8, 9 Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit,
the Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant,
that Man ſhould never die.

10 Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in Death
their Wealth to others leave.

11 For tho' they think their ſtately Seats
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall;
But their Remembrance laſt, in Lands
which by their Names they call;

12 Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State;
With Beaſts their Memory and they
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13 How great their Folly is, who thus
abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs Miſtake.

14 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;

Their

Their Beauty, while the Juſt rejoice,
within the Grave ſhall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my Soul,
and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'er ſhall ſet me free,
and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound,
Nor tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe,
with State and Honour crown'd.
17 For when they're ſummon'd hence by Death,
they leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their State was bleſt,
caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare,
Who praiſes thoſe that ſlight all elſe,
and of themſelves take care.
19 In their Forefather's Steps they tread;
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors and they
in endleſs Darkneſs lie.
20 For Man, how great ſoe'er his State,
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,
ſo, like a Beaſt he dies.

Pſalm L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light, till Day declines;
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice hath heard;
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.
3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence as before,
But waſting Flames before him ſend;
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While he doth Heav'n and Earth engage
His juſt Tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Aſſemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the great Divine Decree)
That in my laſting Cov'nant live,
And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care;
(The Heav'ns his Juſtice ſhall declare,
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.)
7 Attend, my People; Iſr'el, hear;
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God am I;

8 'Tis

8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,
My ſacred Altar did ſupply.
9 Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-Goat from thy Fold accept:
10 The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,
The Cattle too are all my own,
That on a thouſand Hills are kept.
11 I know the Fowls, that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open Fields:
12 If ſeiz'd with Hunger I cou'd be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.
13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Fleſh and drink their Blood?
14 The Sacrifices I require
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
And Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.
15 In Time of Trouble call on me.
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And thou Returns of Praiſe ſhalt make:
16 But to the Wicked thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18 When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.
19 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and Spite,
Deceitful Tales does hourly ſpread:
20 Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed:
21 Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence and with Love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own:

23 Who praiſes me due Honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

Pſalm LI.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
as thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.
4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy Sight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgments right,
5 In Guilt each Part was form'd
of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.
6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws,
my tender Soul inſpire.
7 With Hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be;
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with Joy,
thy kind forgiving Voice,
That ſo the Bones which thou haſt broke,
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying Sins,
nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
its everlaſting Flight.
12 The Joy thy Favour gives
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirits firm Support
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart,
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.

14 My

14 My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd and Shame:
So ſhall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.
16 Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye.
17 A broken Spirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be diſpis'd.
18 Let Sion, Lord, thy Favour find,
of thy Good-will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.
19 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind
upon thy Altar lay.

Pſalm LII.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his Favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked Tongue doth ſland'rous Tales
maliciouſly deviſe:
And ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lies.
3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,
on Lies than Truth employ'd;
Thy Tongue delights in Words, by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.
5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World to ſtay.
6 The Juſt, with pious Fear, ſhall ſee
the Downfall of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride:
7 "See there the Man that haughty was,
"who proudly God defy'd,
"Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
"on wicked Arts rely'd,"

8 But I am like those Olive-Plants,
that shade God's Temple round;
And hope with his indulging Grace
to be for ever crown'd.
9 So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,
extole thy wond'rous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait;
for this thy Saints approve.

Psalm LIII.

1 THE wicked Fools must sure suppose
that God is but a Name:
This gross Mistake their Practice shows,
since Virtue all disclaim. (Tow'r
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
the Sons of Men to view;
To see if any own'd his Pow'r,
or Truth or Justice knew.
3 But all he saw, where backwards gone,
degen'rate grown, and base;
None for Religion car'd, not one
of all the sinful Race.
4 But are those Workers of Deceit
so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's just Pow'r disown?
5 Their causeless Fear shall strangely grow;
and they, despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd; his Hand shall throw
their shatter'd Bones abroad.
6 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,
to break our servile Band,
Loud Shouts of universal Joy
shou'd echo thro' the Land.

Psalm LIV.

1, 2 LORD, save me, for thy glorious Name,
and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cause; accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.
3 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me design'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
against my Soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends,
and he's the surest Guard;
The God of Truth shall give my Foes
their Falshood's just Reward;
6 While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and Sacrifice with Joy;

And

And in his Praiſe my Time to come
delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs
the Lord hath ſet me free;
Thro' him ſhall I of all my Foes
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

Pſalm LV.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away.
2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.
3 Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud,
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Who ſland'rous Tongues with wrathful Hate
againſt my Fame engage.
4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſt;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſt.
6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild Deſerts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide:
For thro' the City my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine ſpy'd.
10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk'd their conſtant Round;
And in the midſt of all her Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.
11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
will freſh Diſorders meet;
Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in ev'ry Street,
12 For 'twas not any open Foe
that falſe Reflections made;
For then I cou'd with Eaſe have borne
the bitter Things he ſaid;

'Twas

'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt,
that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf
from his malicious Eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my (Friend,
whom tend'reſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15 Sure Vengeance equal to their Crimes,
ſuch Traitors muſt ſurpriſe;
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills,
they wickedly deviſe!
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, at Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and he my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
my righteous Cauſe defend.
19 For he who was my Help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties?
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oil,
and yet like Swords they wound.
22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the Wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,
ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for Health and Length of Days
on thee, my God, rely.

Pſalm LVI.

1 DO thou, O God, in Mercy help,
for Man my Life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2 Continually my ſpitefull Foes
to ruin me combine;

Thou

Thou ſee'ſt who ſit'ſt inthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.
3 But, tho' ſometimes ſurpris'd by Fear,
(on Danger's firſt Alarm)
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.
4 God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and truſting him,
the Arm of Fleſh defy.
5 They wreſt my Words, and make 'em ſpeak
a Senſe they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs Spite,
on my Deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay:
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait,
to make my Soul their Prey.
7 Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou numb'reſt all my wand'ring Steps,
ſince firſt compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſter'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God
my righteous Cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force that Man can raiſe:
12 To thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to thee I'll render Praiſe:
13 Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death;
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure;
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God
my length'ned Days employ.

Pſalm LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wings for Shelter haſte,
'Till this outrageous Storm is paſt.
2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I'll fly,
Thou ſov'reign Judge and God moſt high;

Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm;
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
4 For I with ſavage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce, (Words
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their
Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
'Till thou art here, as there obey'd.
6 To take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd,
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.
7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful Tribute to preſent;
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.
8 Awake my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.
9 Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

Pſalm LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be,
Or, muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes,
to Violence betray'd.
3 To Virtue Strangers from the Womb,
their Infant-ſteps went wrong;
They prattled Slander, and in Lies
employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4 No Serpent of parch'd Afric's Breed
does ranker Poiſon bear;

The

The drowsy Adder will as soon
unlock his sullen Ear.
5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders they remain;
From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r:
Disarm these growing Lion's Jaws,
e'er practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their Insolence, at Height,
like ebbing Tides be spent;
Their shiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their Bow have bent.
8 Like Snales let them dissolve to Slime,
like hasty Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.
9 Ere Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,
tempestuous Wrath shall come
From God, and snatch 'em hence alive,
to their eternal Doom.
10 The Righteous shall rejoice to see
their Crimes such Vengeance meet,
And Saints in Persecutors Blood,
shall dip their harmless Feet.
11 Transgressors then with Grief shall see
just Men Rewards obtain;
And own a God, whose Justice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

Psalm LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my spiteful Foes;
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
to theirs who me oppose.
2 Preserve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorseless Men,
who seek my Blood to spill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
against my Life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st
for no Offence of mine.
4 In Haste they run about, and watch
my guiltless Life to take!
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,
and to my Help awake!
5 Thou, Lord of Hosts, and Isr'el's God,
their Heathen Rage suppress;

Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe
like growling Dogs they meet;
Whilſt others thro' the City range,
and ranſack ev'ry Street.
7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander breathe,
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Swords;
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing dares
reprove our lawleſs Words?
8 But from thy Throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
Their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their boaſted Heathen Pride.
9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend:
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canſt defend.
10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from Danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
my haughty Foes to me.
11 Deſtroy 'em not, O Lord, at once,
reſtrain thy vengeful Blow,
Leſt we, ingratefully, too ſoon
forget their Overthrow.
Diſperſe 'em thro' the Nations round
by thy avenging Pow'r,
Do thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.
12 Now, in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chaſtiſe; (ſtraint,
Whoſe Tongues have ſinn'd without Re-
and Curſes join'd with Lies.
13 Nor ſhalt thou, whilſt their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
That diſtant Lands, by their juſt Doom,
may Iſr'el's God confeſs.
14 At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
like growling Dogs to meet,
Still wander all the City round,
and traverſe ev'ry Street.
15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them ſtray,
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey.
16 Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs;

For

For thou haſt been my ſure Defence,
my Refuge in Diſtreſs.
17 To thee with never-ceaſing Praiſe,
O God, my Strength, I'll ſing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety ſpring.

Pſalm LX.

1 O GOD, who haſt our Troops diſperſt,
Forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt.
As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand:
O heal the Breaches thou haſt made,
We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid!
3 Our Follies ſad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Diſcord's Cup, we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd
Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5 Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect:
Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct!
6 The Holy God has ſpoke; and I
O'er-joy'd, on his firm Word rely.
To thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And meaſure out her Vale by Line.
7 Maneſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe
To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms ſupports my Cauſe,
And Judah by religious Laws.
8 Moab my Slave and Drudge ſhall be,
Nor Edom from my Yoke get free;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to Edon's Tow'rs;
Or thro' her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that doth to Conqueſt lead?
10 Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt
Our Troops (for we forſook thee firſt)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in Wrath forſake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain,
For human Succours are but vain.
12 Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows,
'Tis he treads down our proudeſt Foes.

Pſalm LXI.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
which I, oppreſt with Grief,
2 From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs
to thee for kind Relief:
O lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach
of perſecuting Pow'r;
3 Thou who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes,
haſt been me ſhelt'ring Tow'r.
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts
ſecure from Danger lie:
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.
5 In Sign my Vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy Choſen reign:
6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life
the King thou didſt ordain.
7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight,
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

Pſalm LXII.

1, 2 MY Soul for Help on God relies,
From him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my Fall,
Which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending Wall
Or Fence of uncemented Stone.
4 To make my envy'd Honours leſs
They ſtrive with Lies, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouths they bleſs,
In private curſe with inward Spite.
5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy Truſt repoſe;
My Rock and Health will Strength ſupply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
7 God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my Fortreſs and Defence,
On him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye People, always truſt,
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;

For

For God the Merciful and Juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.
9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail;
The Great diſſemble and betray;
And laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
The lighteſt Things will both out-weigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways,
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe,
Be ſet too much upon your Gain.
11 For God has oft his Will expreſs'd;
And I this Truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd
Belongs of Right to God alone.
12 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which he chiefly takes Delight,
Yet will he all the human Race.
According to their Works, requite.

Pſalm LXIII.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be;
For thee my thirſty Soul doth pant;
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreſhing Waters want.
O to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
Which thy majeſtic Houſe diſplays:
3 Becauſe to me thy wond'rous Love,
Than Life itſelf doth dearer prove,
My Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.
4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ;
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
5 My Soul's Content ſhall be as great,
As theirs who choiceſt Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.
6 When down I lie ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, are preſent to my Mind,
And when I wake in Dead of Night:
7 Becauſe thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,
I reſt with Safety and Delight.
8 My Soul, when Foes wou'd me devour,
Cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
In her Support is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſtay
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they
That ſeek my Life ſhall loſe their own.

10, 11 They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie;
But God ſhall fill the King with Joy:
Who ſwears by thee ſhall ſtill rejoice,
Whilſt the falſe Tongue and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

Pſalm LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'reſt Care
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe,
and all their Plots deſeat.
3 See how intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords:
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lies and bitter Words!
4 Lurking in Private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.
5 To carry on their ill Deſigns,
they mutally agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt Diligence and Care
the wicked Plots they lay;
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts
are only to betray.
7 But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying Arrow's Point
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their Crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be
deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.
9 The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs,
and Nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand.
10 Whilſt righteous Men by God ſecur'd
in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

Pſalm

Pſalm LXV.

1 FOR thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
In Sion waits, thy choſen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous Vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

3 Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon Dye.

4 Bleſt is the Man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt we at humbler Diſtance taſte
The vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.

5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, moſt juſt,
Have we thy gracious Anſwer found;
In thee remoteſt Nations truſt,
And thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.

6, 7 God, by his Strength, ſets faſt the Hills,
And does his matchleſs Pow'r engage,
With which the Seas loud Waves he ſtill,
And angry Clouds tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day,
Each others Track by Turns purſue.

9 From out thy unexhauſted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
Makes Lands that barren were before,
With Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.

10 On riſing Ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills,
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs
In which a bleſt Increaſe diſtils.

11 Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year
With freſh Returns of Plenty crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs down.

12 They drop on barren Foreſts, chang'd
By them to Paſtures freſh and green:
The Hills about in Order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are ſeen.

13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs; the Vallies bring

A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

Psalm LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
to God their Voices raise;
Sing Psalms in Honour of his Name,
and spread his glorious Praise.
3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes
shall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
shall thee their God confess;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name express.
5 O come, behold the Works of God,
and then with me, you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men,
has wond'rous Judgments shown.
6 He made the Sea become dry Land,
thro' which our Father's walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his Might
with Joy his People talk'd.
7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
his Eyes the World survey;
Let no presumptuous Man rebel
against his sov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O all ye Nations, bless our God,
and loudly speak his Praise;
Who keeps our Soul alive and still
10 confirms our stedfast Ways.
For thou hast try'd us, Lord as Fire
does try the precious Ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into Straits, where we
oppressing Burdens bore.
12 Insulting Foes, did us, their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chace;
But yet at last thou brought us forth
into a wealthy Place.
13 Burnt-Off'rings to thy House I'll bring,
and there my Vows I'll pay,
14 Which I with solemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's dismal Day.
15 Then shall the richest Incense smoke,
the fattest Rams shall fall;
The choicest Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall,

16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt I what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his Aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his Name;
Who if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
wou'd all my Pray'rs diſclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
with conſtant Love attend.
20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
Withholds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away.

Pſalm LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
on all thy Saints to ſhine:
2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
may thro' the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the Word, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
diſſolv'd in pious Mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the Earth.
5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
a large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
which God, our God, beſtows.
7 Then God upon our Land
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r,
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

Pſalm LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle riſe,
And ſcatter his preſumptuous Foes;

Let shameful Rout their Host surprise,
Who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.
2 As Smoke in Tempest's Rage is lost,
Or Wax into the Furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious Host
Before his wrathful Presence waste.
3 But let the Servants of his Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4 To him your Voice in Anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful Name he bears.
In him rejoice, extol his Praise,
Who rides upon high rolling Spheres.
5 Him, from the Empire of the Skies,
To this low World Compassion draws,
The Orphain's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil,
Restores poor Exiles to their Home,
Makes Captives free, and fruitless Toil
Their proud Oppressors righteous Doom.
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead,
In Person, Lord, our Armies forth,
Strange Terrors thro' the Desart spread,
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.
8 The breaking Clouds did Rain distil,
And Heav'n's high Arches shock with Fear:
How then shall Sinai's humble Hill,
Of Isr'el's God the Presence bear?
9 Thy Hand at famisht Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial Stores;
And when thy Heritage was faint,
Asswag'd the Drought with plenteous Show-
10 Where Savages had rang'd before, ('rs,
At Ease thou mad'st our Tribes reside;
And in the Desart for the Poor,
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'st the Word, we sally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame;
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth
In State our Conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast Armies, by such Gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.
13 Tho' Egypt's Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings shall shine as bright

As

As Dove in golden Sun-ſhine ſeen,
Or ſilver'd o'er with paler Light.
14 'Twas ſo when God's Almighty Hand
O'er ſcatter'd Kings the Conqueſt won;
Our Troops, drawn up on Jordan's Strand
High Salmon's glitt'ring Snow out-ſhone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther Coaſt,
And Baſhan's Hill we did advance:
No more her Height ſhall Baſham boaſt,
But that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Shou'd this, O Mountains, ſwell your Pride?
For Sion is his choſen Seat,
Where he for ever will reſide.
17 His Chariots numberleſs, his Pow'rs
Are heav'nly Hoſts that wait his Will;
His Preſence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
18 Aſcending high, in Triumph thou
Captivity has Captive led,
And on thy People didſt beſtow
The Spoil of Armies once their Dread.
Ev'n Rebels ſhall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling-place,
And all the World pay Homage there:
19 For Benefits each Day beſtow'd,
Be daily his great Name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of Life and Death the ſov'reign Lord.
21 But Juſtice for his harden'd Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of thoſe
Who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.
22 The Lord has thus, in Thunder, ſpoke;
"As I ſubdu'd proud Baſhan's King,
"Once-more I'll break my People's Yoke,
"And from the Deep my Servants bring.
23 "Their Feet ſhall with a crimſon Flood
"of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er;
"Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood.
"but leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore.

PART III.

24 When marching to thy bleſt Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous State of thee, O God,
In Robes of Majeſty array'd.
25 Sweet-ſinging Levites led the Van;
Loud Inſtruments brought up the Rear;

Between

Between both Troops a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.
26 This was the Burden of their Song,
"In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord;
"All who to Iſr'el's Tribes belong,
"The God of Iſr'el's Praiſe record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer Throne
Her Counſellors in State did ſend;
But Zebulon's remoter Seat,
And Napthali's more diſtant Coaſt,
(The grand Proceſſion to compleat)
Sent up their Tribes a princely Hoſt.
28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Striſe till that bleſt Hour:
This Work, which thou, O God, haſt wrought,
Confirm with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.
29 To viſit Salem, Lord, deſcend,
And Sion thy terreſtial Throne;
Where Kings with Preſents ſhall attend,
And thee with offer'd Crowns atone. (threat
30 Break down the Spearman's Ranks, who
Like pamper'd Herds of ſavage Might:
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in deſtructive War delight.
31 Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
Her Hands, and Afric Homage bring:
32 The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praiſes ſing;
33 Who, mounted on the loftieſt Sphere
Of antient Heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34 Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt high:
Of humble Iſrael he takes care;
Whoſe Strength, from out the duſky Sky,
Darts ſhining Terrors through the Air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred Courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
His Strength his feeble Saints ſupports.
To God give Praiſe, and him alone.

Pſalm LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God from Waves that roll,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3 With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint;

My

My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me pursue
With groundless Hate, grown now of Might,
To execute their lawless Spite:
They force me, guiltless, to resign,
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.

5 Thou, Lord my Innocence doth see,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of Hosts, take timely Care,
Lest for my Sake thy Saints despair:

7 Since I have suffer'd for thy Name
Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame;

8 A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my nearest Kindred known;
A Foreigner expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.

9 For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name
Consumes me like devouring Flame;
Concern'd at their Affronts to thee,
More than at Slanders cast on me.

10 My very Tears and Abstinence
They construe in a spiteful Sense.

11 When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their Sake,
They me their common Proverb make.

12 Their Judges make my Wrongs their jest,
Those Wrongs they ought to have redress'd.
How shou'd I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?

13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For Help, with humble, timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store:
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.

14 From threat'ning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From spiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging Deep.

15 Control the Deludge, e'er it spread,
And roll its Waves above my Head;
Nor deep Destruction yawning Pit
To close her Jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy transcending Goodness' Sake;
Relieve thy Supplicant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.

17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face:
Make haste; for desp'rate is my Case:

18 Thy

18 Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.
19 Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have borne;
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled Spite,
Or darkeſt Plots, eſcape thy Sight.
20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart:
I look'd for ſome to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.
21 With Hunger pin'd, for Food I call;
Inſtead of Food, they give me Gall:
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22 Their Tables, therefore, to their Health,
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth;
23 Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes,
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurpriſe.
24 On them thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
25 And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed afreſh, with ſharper Scorn.
27 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.
28 From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names inrol.
29 But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore:
30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize,
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice:
32 Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint;
Sets Priſ'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint.
34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe,
And all the World reſound his Praiſe.
35 For God will Sion's Walls erect;
Fair Judah's Cities he'll protect;
Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair
To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.
36 This Bleſſing they ſhall, at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath;

And they to endless Ages more,
Of such as his blest Name adore.

Psalm LXX.

1 O Lord, to my Relief draw near;
for never was more pressing Need:
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2 Confusion on their Heads return,
who to destroy my Soul combine:
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
ensnar'd in their own vile Design.
3 Their Doom let Desolation be;
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
and Sport of my Afflictions made.
4 While those who humbly seek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving Grace,
with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
5 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
the mighty Lord of me takes care.
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
to my Relief with Speed repair.

Psalm LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my stedfast Trust;
defend me, Lord, from Shame:
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul;
for righteous is thy Name.
3 Be thou my strong Abiding-Place,
to which I may resort:
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me save;
thou art my Rock and Fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men
protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest Youth till now,
my Hope has been in thee.
6 Thy constant Care did safely guard
my tender Infant-Days;
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,
to sing thy constant Praise.
7, 8 While some on me with Wonder gaze,
thy Hand supports me still:
Thy Honour, therefore, and thy Praise,
my Mouth shall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay:
Forsake me not, when, worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.

10 My

10 My Foes againſt my Fame and me
with crafty Malice ſpeak;
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.
11 "His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
on whom he did rely:
"Purſue and take him, whilſt no Hope
"of timely Aid is nigh."
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far:
For ſpeedy Help I call:
13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,
that ſeek to work my Fall.
14 But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend;
And I in grateful Songs my Praiſe
my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous Acts, and ſaving Health,
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on;
And other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth
to praiſe thy glorious Name:
And, ever ſince, thy wond'rous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18 Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe and future Times
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare!
20 Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And, from the loweſt Depth of Woe,
with tender Care retrieve.
21 Thro' thee, my Time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd;
And me, who diſmal Years have paſs'd,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Then I, with Pſaltery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, will praiſe;
To thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23 Then

23 Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice.
24 My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
ſhall all the Day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my Foes,
and brought'ſt them all to Shame.

Pſalm LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy juſt Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him
their juſt Protector find.
3 Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be
the Work of Righteouſneſs:
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy Race
ſhall rule with gentle Sway,
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.
5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows' ſecond Birth;
Or like warm Show'rs whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.
7 In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
ſhall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry-where
with endleſs Peace abound.
8 His uncontrol'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.
9 To him the ſavage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads:
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt,
where he his Conqueſts ſpreads.
10 The Kings of Tarſhiſh, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy Sheba's King.

10 My Foes againſt my Fame and me
with crafty Malice ſpeak;
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.
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to praiſe thy glorious Name:
And, ever ſince, thy wond'rous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18 Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe and future Times
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare!
20 Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And, from the loweſt Depth of Woe,
with tender Care retrieve.
21 Thro' thee, my Time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd;
And me, who diſmal Years have paſt'd,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Then I, with Pſaltery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, will praiſe;
To thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23 Then

23 Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice.
24 My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
ſhall all the Day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my Foes,
and brought'ſt them all to Shame.

Pſalm LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy juſt Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him
their juſt Protector find.
3 Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be
the Work of Righteouſneſs:
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy Race
ſhall rule with gentle Sway,
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.
5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows' ſecond Birth;
Or like warm Show'rs whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.
7 In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
ſhall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry-where
with endleſs Peace abound.
8 His uncontrol'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.
9 To him the ſavage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads:
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt,
where he his Conqueſts ſpreads.
10 The Kings of Tarſhiſh, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy Sheba's King.

11 To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay;
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry;
Shall ſave the Helpleſs and the Poor,
and all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

13 His Providence for needy Souls
ſhall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs Lives
ſhall watch with tender Care.
14 He ſhall preſerve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free:
And, in his Sight, their guiltleſs Blood
of mighty Price ſhall be.
15 Therefore ſhall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend;
Whilſt Eaſtern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant Pray'rs be made
thro' all his proſp'rous Days:
His juſt Dominion ſhall afford
a laſting Theme of Praiſe.
16 Of uſeful Grain, thro' all the Land,
great Plenty ſhall appear:
A Handful ſown on Mountain-Tops
a mighty Crop ſhall bear:
Its Fruits like Cedars ſhook by Winds,
a rattling Noiſe ſhall yield:
The City too ſhall thrive, and vie
for Plenty with the Field.
17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
tho' endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
ſhall be completely bleſs'd,
And his unbounded Happineſs
by ev'ry Tongue confeſs'd.
18 Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom Iſrael fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
beyond Compare, appears.
19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
for ever bleſs his Name;
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World
their glad Aſſent proclaim.

Pſalm

Pſalm LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
that God will to his Saints be kind;
That all, whoſe Hearts are pure and clean,
ſhall his protecting Favour find.
2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining Truth I knew,
my ſtagg'ring Feet had almoſt fail'd:
I griev'd the Sinners' Wealth to view,
and envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.
4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace deſcend,
and, whilſt they live, are hale and ſtrong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
which oft to other Men belong.
6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,
and Rapine ſeems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes ſtand out, with Fatneſs ſwell'd;
they grow, beyond their Wiſhes, great.
8, 9 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
oppreſſive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,
their Blaſphemies to Heav'n aſcend.
10 And yet admiring Crowds are found,
who ſervile Viſits duly make;
Becauſe with Plenty they abound,
of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.
11 Their fond Opinions theſe purſue,
till they with them profanely cry,
"How ſhall the Lord our Actions view?
"Can he perceive, who dwells ſo high?"
12 Behold the Wicked! theſe are they
who openly their Sins profeſs:
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each Day,
and all their Actions meet Succeſs.
13, 14 "Then have I cleans'd my Heart ſaid I,
"and waſh'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain,
"If all the Day oppreſs'd I lie,
"and ev'ry Morning ſuffer Pain."
15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend:
But, if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
and baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent,
but found the Caſe too hard for me;
Till to the Houſe of God I went:
Then I their End did plainly ſee.
18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
on ſlipp'ry Places looſely ſtand;

Thence

Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
cast down by thy avenging Hand.
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
despis'd by thee, when they're destroy'd;
As walking Men with Scorn do treat
the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſt,
my Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
who no reflecting Thought retains.
23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy Right-Hand Aſſiſtance gave:
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
and then to Glory me receive.
25 Whom then in Heav'n, but thee alone,
have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none
that I beſides thee can deſire.
26 My trembling Fleſh, and aching Heart,
may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
and my eternal Portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove,
ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall:
If after other Gods they rove,
thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
that I ſhould ſtill to God repair:
In him I always put my Truſt,
and will his wond'rous Works declare.

Pſalm LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God?
wilt thou no more return?
O! why againſt thy choſen Flock
does thy fierce Anger burn?
2 Think on thy antient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land that is thy own,
By thee redeem'd; and Sion's Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.
3 O! come and view our ruin'd State!
how long our Troubles laſt!
See how the Foe, with wicked Rage,
has laid thy Temple waſte!
4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name: Where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd,
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have diſplay'd.
5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings, which did once
advance the Artiſt's Fame,

With

With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
the Works of Vulgar Frame.
7 Thy holy Temple they have burn'd;
and what eſcap'd the Flame
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.
8 Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy
maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy Preſence thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender Signs to ſend:
We have no Prophet now, that knows
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
the inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt?
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right-Hand,
and on thy Patient Breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth
ſo calmly lett'ſt it reſt?
12 Thou heretofore, with kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence hath fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the Sea
by thy own Strength divide:
Thou brak'ſt the wat'ry Monſter's Head;
The Waves overwhelm'd their Pride.
14 The greateſt, the fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway,
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd and made
to ſavage Beaſts a Prey.
15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'ſt thro' parted Streams
thy wand'ring People go.
16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Return of Night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feebler Light.
17 By thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order ſtand:
The Summer's Warmth and Winter's cold
attend on thy Command.

PART

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O! free thy mourning Turtle-Dove,
by ſinful Crowds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of thy Poor
for evermore forget.
20 Thy antient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21 O! let not the Oppreſs'd return
with Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.
22 Ariſe, O God, in our Behalf;
thy Cauſe and ours maintain:
Remember how inſulting Fools
each Day thy Name profane.
23 Make thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for evermore to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtis'd,
will more and more increaſe.

Pſalm LXXV.

1 TO thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to thee with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2 In Iſrael when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign.
3 The Land with Diſcord ſhakes, but I
the ſinking Frame ſuſtain.
4 Deluded Wretches I adviſ'd
their Errors to redreſs;
And warn'd bold Sinners, that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride ſuppreſs.
5 Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain:
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs Diſdain.
6 For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition ſtrives
From neither Eaſt nor Weſt, nor yet
from Southern Climes arrives.
For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and ſov'reign Judge alone,

Who

Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.
8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly Mixture, which is Wrath
deals out to Nations round.
Of this his Saints sometimes may taste,
but wicked Men shall squeeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.
9 His Prophet, I, to all the World
this Message will relate;
The Justice then of Jacob's God,
my Song shall celebrate.
10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.

Psalm LXXVI.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)
His Name in Jacob does excel:
2 His Sanctuary in Salem stands,
The Majesty that Heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.
3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
There slain the mighty Army lay;
4 Whence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is spread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Than Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.
5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful Foil:
Securely down to Sleep they lay;
But wak'd no more; their stoutest Band
Ne'er lifted one resisting Hand
'Gainst his that did their Legions slay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both Horse and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless Night.
7 When thou, whom Heav'n and Earth revere,
Dost once with wrathful Look appear,
What mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight?
8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom;
Grew hush'd with Fear, when thou didst come,
9 The Meek with Justice to restore.

10 The Wrath of Man ſhall yield thee Praiſe;
Its laſt Attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Preſents to th' Eternal King:
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling Subjects they.

Pſalm LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair;
2 In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no Comfort wou'd admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.
3 I thought on God, and Favours paſt,
but that increas'd my Pain:
I found my Spirit more oppreſt,
the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
Thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh but cannot ſpeak.
5 I call to mind the Days of old
with ſignal Mercy crown'd;
Thoſe famous Years of antient Times
for Miracles renown'd.
6 By Night I recollect my Songs,
on former Triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my Heart,
where's now that wond'rful Aid?
7 Has God for ever caſt us off?
withdrawn his Favours quite?
8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night!
9 Can his long practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has he in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?
10 I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
but I'll my Fears diſband.
I'll yet remember the moſt High,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11 I'll call to mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might;

12 On

12 On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of Wonders thee
thy reſcu'd People found;
15 Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen Seed
with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the Waters ſaw,
the frighted Billow ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves, for Fear,
beneath their Channals ſunk.
17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies
did with their Noiſe conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.
18 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower World ſeem'd
With Light'nings blaz'd; Earth ſhook and
From her Foundations hurl'd.
19 Thro' rolling Streams thou find'ſt thy Way,
thy Paths in Waters lie;
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
thy Footſteps can deſcry.
20 Thou led'ſt thy People, like a Flock,
ſafe thro the deſart Land,
By Moſes, their meek ſkilful Guide,
and Aaron's ſacred Hand.

Pſalm LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my People; to my Law
devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts deſcend.
2 My Tongue by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for Truths of old.
3 Which we from ſacred Regiſters
of ancient Times have known,
And our Forefathers pious Care
to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our Sons:
our Offspring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
has Works of Wonders wrought.
5 For Jacob he this Law ordain'd,
this League with Iſr'el made,

With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd.
6 That Generations yet to come
shou'd to their unborn Heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
and they again to theirs.
7 To teach 'em, that in God alone
their Hope securely stands;
That they shou'd ne'er his Works forget,
but keep his just Commands.
8 Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove
a stiff rebellious Race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
unstedfast in his Grace.
9 Such were revolting Ephraim's Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred,
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falsify'd their League with God,
his Orders disobey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes display'd.
12 Nor Wonders which their Fathers saw,
did they in mind retain;
Prodigious Things in Egypt done,
and Zoan's fertile Plain.
13 He cut the Seas to let them pass,
restrain'd the pressing Flood;
While pil'd in Heaps, on either Side,
the solid Water stood.
14 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light:
A shelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15 When Drought oppress them, where no Stream
the Wilderness supply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast
dissolv'd into a Tide.
16 Streams from the solid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That trav'ling with their Camp, each Day
renew'd the Miracle.
17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,
provoking the most High;
In that same Desart where he did
their fainting Souls supply.
18 They first incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r distrust,

And

And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts:
"Can God, ſay they, prepare
"A Table in the Wilderneſs,
"ſet out with various Fare?
20 "He ſmote the ſtinty Rock ('tis true)
"and guſhing Streams enſu'd;
"But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
"for ſuch a Multitude?"
21 The Lord with Indignation heard;
from Heav'n avenging Flame
On Jacob fell, conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs Iſr'el came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God wou'd not confide:
Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n,
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Show'rs;
And, when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
from the celeſtial Stores.
24 Tho' taſteful Manna was rain'd down
their Hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
ſuſtaining Corn receive.
25 Thus Man with Angels ſacred Food,
ingrateful Man, was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous Table ſpread.
26 From Heav'n he made an Eaſt-Wind blow,
then did the South Command,
27 To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28 Within their Trenches he let fall
the Luſcious eaſy Prey,
And all around their ſpreading Camp
their feather'd Booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em Leave
their Appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
But whilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chiefs,
and Iſr'el's Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor wou'd afford
his Miracles Belief;

33 Therefore thro' fruitleſs Travels he
consum'd their Lives in Grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
to God with early Cry;
35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God moſt High.
36 But this was feign'd Submiſſion all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37 Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would
firm in his League abide.
38 Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,
nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.
39 For he remembr'd they were Fleſh
that cou'd not long remain;
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart, where he did
their fainting Souls relieve?
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd,
When Iſr'el's God refus'd to be
by their Deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought;
43 His Signs in Egypt, wond'rous Works
in Zoan's Valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt
than drink the putrid Gore.
45 He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies;
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
46 Locuſts and Caterpillars reap'd
the Harveſt of their Toil.
47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke;
with Froſt the Fig-tree dies;
48 Light'ning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
one gen'ral Sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no Time for it to ceaſe;
And with their Plagues bad Angels ſent
their Torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontrol'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold.

51 The

51 The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man,
from Field to City came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
thro' all the Tents of Ham.
52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Diſtreſs,
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs.
53 He led them on, and in their Way,
no Cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely thro' thoſe Deeps,
in which their Foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his Care, 'till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd Land,
And to his Holy Mount, the Prize
of his victorious Hand.
55 To them the out-caſt Heathen's Land
he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents
made Iſr'el's Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt High;
Nor would to practiſe his Commands
their ſtubborn Hearts apply.
57 But in their faithleſs Fathers Steps
perverſly choſe to go;
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.
58 For him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealouſy.
59 When God heard this, on Iſr'el's Tribes
his Wrath and Hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shilo, and the Tents
where once he choſe to dwell.
61 To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to diſdain,
62 His People to the Sword he gave,
nor would his Wrath reſtrain.
63 Deſtructive War their ableſt Youth
untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.
64 In Flight the Sacrificer fell,
The Prieſt a Victim bled;
And Widows who their Death ſhould mourn
themſelves of Grief were dead.

65 Then, as a Giant, rous'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.
66 He ſmote their Hoſt, that from the Field
a ſcatter'd Remnant came;
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlaſting Shame.
67 With Conqueſts crown'd, he Joſeph's Tents
and Ephraim's Tribe forſook;
68 But Judah choſe, and Sion's Mount
for his lov'd Dwelling took.
69 His Temple he erected there,
with Spires exalted high,
While deep and fixt, as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.
70 His faithful Servant David too,
he for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd
to ſit on Judah's Throne.
71 From tending on the teeming Ewes,
he brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of Iſr'el's choſen Seed.
72 Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

Pſalm LXXIX.

1 BEhold, O God, how Heathen Hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd:
Thy ſacred Houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy City raz'd.
2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
abroad unbury'd lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.
3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their Blood
like common Water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt Duties to the Dead.
4 The neighb'ring Land our ſmall Remains
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a Laughing-ſtock are made
to all the Nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire, for ever burn?

6 On foreign Lands that know not thee,
thy heavy Vengeance show'r,
Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.
7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on Jacob's chosen Race;
And to a barren Desart turn'd
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former Sins,
but speedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almost with Sorrow spent.
9 Thou God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from Blame;
So shall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let Infidels, that scoffing say,
where is the God they boast?
In Vengeance, for thy slaughter'd Saints,
perceive thee to their Cost.
11 Lord, hear the sighing Prisoners Moan,
Thy saving Pow'r extend;
Preserve the Wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely End.
12 On them, who us oppress, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confusion sev'n Times more
than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy People and thy Flock,
shall ever praise thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.

Psalm LXXX.

1 O Isr'el's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
our Pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,
again in solemn State appear.
2 Behold, how Benjamin expects,
with Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
of thy resistless Strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the Lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.
4 O thou, whom Heav'nly Hosts obey,
how long shall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring People pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no Return?

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench
with Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6 For us the Heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, conteſt;
Our ſpiteful Foes with Joy abound,
And at our loſt Condition jeſt.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
the Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'ſt a Vine from Egypt's Land;
and caſting out the Heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thy own Right-hand,
and firmly fix it in their Place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dſt the Way,
and mad'ſt it take a laſting Root;
Which, bleſt with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.
10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem;
Its Branches to the Sea were ſpread,
and reach'd to proud Euphrate's Stream.
12 Why then haſt thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
which thou hadſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
Whilſt all its Grapes defenceleſs grown,
are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.
13 See how the briſtling Foreſt-Boar
with dreadful Fury lays it waſte;
Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar,
and to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray;
thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State with Pity view.
15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,
which thy Right-hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.
17 Crown thou the King with good Succeſs,
By thy Right-hand ſecur'd from Wrong;

The

The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs,
Whom for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
18 So ſhall we ſtill continue free
From whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praiſe thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

Pſalm LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe
to Jacob's awful King.
2 Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
your Inſtruments of Joy;
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps
your grateful Skill employ.
3 Let Trumpets at the great New Moon
their joyful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
the ſolemn Day of Praiſe.
4 For this a Statute was of old,
which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious Care obſerv'd
by Iſr'el's choſen Seed.
5 This he for a Memorial fix'd
when freed from Egypt's Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard
but could not underſtand.
6 "Your burden'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus ſeems our God to ſay)
"Your ſervile Hands by me were freed
"from lab'ring in the Clay.
7 "Your Anceſtors, with Wrongs oppreſt,
"to me for Aid did call;
"With Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw,
"and ſet them free from all.
"They ſought for me, and from the Cloud
"in Thunder I reply'd;
"At Meribah's contentious Stream
"their Faith and Duty try'd.

PART II.

8 "While I my ſolemn Will declare,
"my choſen People, hear;
"If thou, O Iſr'el, to my Words
"wilt bend thy liſt'ning Ear;

9 "Then shall no God besides myself
"within thy Coasts be found;
"Nor shalt thou worship any God
"of all the Nations round.
10 "The Lord thy God am I, who thee
"brought forth from Egypt's Land;
"'Tis I that all thy just Desires
"supply with lib'ral Hand.
11 "But they, my chosen Race, refus'd
"to hearken to my Voice;
"Nor would rebellious Isr'el's Sons
"make me their happy Choice."
12 So I provoke'd, resign'd them up
to ev'ry Lust a Prey,
And, in their own perverse Designs,
permitted them to stray.
13 O that my People wisely would
my just Commandments heed!
And Isr'el in my righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed!
14 Then should my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppose,
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
against their num'rous Foes.
15 Their Enemies and mine, should all
before my Footstool bend;
But as for them, their happy State
shall never know an End.
16 All Parts with Plenty shall abound;
with finest Wheat their Field:
The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,
should richest Honey yield.

Psalm LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great Assembly stands
where his impartial Eye,
In State surveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.
2, 3 How dare you then unjustly judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
let such your Justice find.
4 Protect the humble helpless Man,
reduc'd to deep Distress,
And let not him become a Prey
to such as would oppress.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and stray;
Justice and Truth, the World's Support,
thro' all the Land decay.

6 Well then may God in Anger say,
"I've call'd you by my Name;
"I've said ye're Gods, the Sons and Heirs
"of my immortal Fame.
7 "But ne'ertheless your unjust Deeds
"to strict Account I'll call;
"You all shall die like common Men,
"like other Tyrants fall."
8 Arise, and thy just Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth display;
And all the Nations of the World
shall own thy righteous Sway.

Psalm LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly see!
2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are spread;
And they which hate thy Saints and thee
lift up their threat'ning Head.
3 Against thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine;
And to destroy thy chosen Saints
have laid their close Design.
4 "Come let us cut them off, say they,
"their Nation quite deface;
"That no Remembrance may remain
"of Isr'el's chosen Race."
5 Thus they against thy People's Peace
consult with one Consent;
And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice vent.
6 The Ishm'elites that dwell in Tents,
with warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's Sons our Ruin vow,
with Hagar's Race combin'd.
7 Proud Ammon's Offspring, Gebal too,
with Amalek conspire;
The Lords of Palestine, and all
the wealthy Sons of Tyre:
8 All these the strong Assyrian King
their firm Ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
th' incestuous Race of Lot.

PART II.

9 But let such Vengeance come to them,
as once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Sisera,
at Kishon's fatal Stream.

10 When

10 When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hoſts
near Endor did confound,
And left their Carcaſes for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.
11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of Zeb and Oreb ſhare;
As Zeba and Zalmunnah, ſo
let all their Princes fare.
12 Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
Thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm Poſſeſſion for ourſelves
"let us God's Houſes take."
13 To Ruin let them haſte like Wheels
which downwards ſwiftly move:
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.
14, 15 As Flames conſume dry Wood, or Heath
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce-purſuing Wrath
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes.
16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name;
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd Hearts
thy gentler Means diſclaim.
18 So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs
that thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name o'er all the Earth
has rais'd thy lofty Throne.

Pſalm LXXXIV.

1 O GOD of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place
Where thou, inthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face!
2 My longing Soul Faints with Deſire,
to view thy bleſt Abode;
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out
for thee the living God.
3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Altars throng;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their Young.
4 O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!
5 Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has thee
their ſure Protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!

6 Who

6 Who paſs thro' Baca's thirſty Vale,
yet no Refreſhment want;
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which thou
at their Requeſt doſt grant.
7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength
and ſtill approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy Mount,
before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
my juſt Requeſt regard;
Thou God of Jacob, let my Pray'r
be ſtill with Favour heard.
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
canſt timely Aid diſpenſe;
On thy anointed Servant look,
be thou his ſtrong Defence.
10 For in thy Courts one ſingle Day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place beſides
a thouſand Days to ſpend.
Much rather in God's Houſe will I
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.
11 For God who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.
12 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on thee!

Pſalm LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful Jacob's captive Race
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou haſt abſolv'd,
and a'l their Guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.
4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting Tears,
thy Wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why ſhouldſt thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,
which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wonderous Mercy's Sake,
thy wonted Aid afford.
8 God's Answer patiently I'll wait,
for he, with glad Success,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bless.
9 To all that fear his holy Name
his sure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation shall appear.
10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd,
and Righteousness with Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.
11, 12 Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst (Heav'n
shall Streams of Justice pour;
And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
shall endless Plenty show'r.
13 Before him Righteousness shall march,
and his just Paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy Steps pursue,
with constant Zeal and Care.

Psalm LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me distrest, and destitute
of all Relief but thine!
2 Do thou, O God, preserve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore;
Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust
relies on thee, restore.
3 To thee, who daily thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend:
4 Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes
on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to Pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all those
who for thy Mercy sue.
6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!
7 When troubled I on thee will call,
for thou wilt answer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.

9 There-

9 Therefore the great Creator thee
the Nations ſhall adore;
Their long-miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe
to thy bleſt Name reſtore.
10 All ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
the Wonders thou haſt done;
Confeſs thee God, the God ſupreme,
confeſs thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
form Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy ſacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe thee with Heart ſincere;
And to thy everlaſting Name
eternal Trophies rear.
13 Thy boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to me
tranſcends my Pow'r to tell;
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my Soul
from loweſt Depths of Hell.
14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Deſtruction ſought;
Regardleſs of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought.
15 But thou thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt
to my Aſſiſtance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlaſting Spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant ſhow;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me
thine Handmaid's Son beſtow.
17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may ſee with Shame and Rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort doſt engage.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;
the Lord there condeſcends to dwell:
2 His Sion's Gates, in his Account,
our Iſr'el's faireſt Tents excel.
3 Fame glorious Things of thee ſhall ſing,
O City of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention Rahab with due Praiſe,
in Babylon's Applauſes join,
The Fame of Ethiopia raiſe,
with that of Tyre and Paleſtine:

And

And grant that ſome amongſt them born,
These Age and Country did adorn.
5 But ſtill of Sion I'll aver,
that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her.
6 His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.
7 He'll Sion find with Numbers fill'd
of ſuch as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Muſicians ſkill'd,
and (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſions bring,
Like Waters from a living Spring.

Pſalm LXXXVIII.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night addreſs my Cry;
2 Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear;
To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear:
3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.
4 Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead.
5 Like thoſe, who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From thee no more Remembrance have;
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Deſpair.
7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas! to bear the leaſt.
8 Remov'd from Friends, I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd, paſt Hopes of Liberty.
9 My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.
10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive
The Dead whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from Priſon would'ſt not bring.
11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?
12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
When Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.

14 Why

14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look?
15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown;
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.
16 Thy Wrath has burſt upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from Sight and out of Call;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

Pſalm LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song;
my Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice:
"with David I a League have made,
"To him my Servant and my Choice,
"my ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd.
4 "While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
"thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain;
"To them thy Throne I will inſure;
"they ſhall to endleſs Ages reign."
5 For ſuch ſtupend'ous Truth and Love
both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
and by aſſembled Saints below.
6 What Seraph of celeſtial Birth
to vie with Iſr'el's God ſhall dare?
Or who among the Gods of Earth,
with our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
his Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
who his Almighty Name confeſs.
8 Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
of Strength or Pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
as that which does thy Throne ſurround?
9 Thou does the lawleſs Sea control,
and change the Proſpect of the Deep:

Thou

Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
thou mak'ſt the rolling Billows ſleep:
10 Thou brak'ſt in Pieces Rahab's Pride,
and didſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm:
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
the Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.
11 In thee the ſov'reign Right remains
of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World, and all that it contains,
their Maker and Preſerver own.
12 The Poles on which the Globe does reſt,
were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and Hermon, Eaſt and Weſt,
in thy ſuſtaining Pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand,
yet, Lord, thou doſt with Juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſt of abſolute Command,
thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
thy ſacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Feſtivals appear,
with thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd.
16 Thy Saints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
who on thy ſacred Name rely;
And in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd,
above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
whoſe Conqueſts from thy Favour ſpring.
18 The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
and Iſr'el's God, our Iſr'el's King.
19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by the Prophet's Voice:
"a mighty Champion I will ſend;
"From Judah's Tribe have I made choice
"of one who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 "My Servant David I have found,
"with holy Oil anointed him;
21 "Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that crown'd,
"and guard that gave the Diadem.
22 "No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
"no Son of Strife ſhall him annoy;
23 "His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,
"and them before his Face deſtroy.
24 "My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain;
"His Armies, in well-order'd Ranks,
25 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian Main
"to Tygris and Euphrates Banks.
26 "Me for his Father he ſhall take,
"his God and Rock of Safety call;
27 "Him I my firſt-born Son will make,
"and earthly Kings his Subjects all.

28 "To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
"my Cov'nant make for ever faſt;
29 "His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
"his Throne, till Heav'n diſſolves, ſhall laſt.

PART II.

30 "But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
"and from my ſacred Precepts ſtray,
31 "If they my righteous Statutes break,
"nor ſtrictly my Commands obey,
32 "Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
"and for their Folly make them ſmart;
33 "Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
"nor from my Truth, like them, depart.
34 "My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"but in Remembrance faſt retain:
"The Thing that once my Lips have ſpoke
"ſhall in eternal Force remain.
35 "Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
"and made my Holineſs the Tie,
"That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
"nor to my Servant David lie.
36 "Whoſe Throne and Race the conſtant Sun
"ſhall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſht ſee:
37 "Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon,
"in Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be."
38 Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
but thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
Thy own Anointed haſt abhor'd,
and turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.
39 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
the Cov'nant with thy Servant made;
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
and in the Duſt his Honour laid.
40 Of Strong-holds thou haſt him bereft,
and brought his Bulwarks to decay;
41 His Frontier-Coaſts defenceleſs left,
a public Scorn and common Prey.
42 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
to Foes advanc'd by thee to Might:
43 Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd,
his Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.
44 His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,
his Throne is levell'd with the Ground:
45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
with Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.
46 How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn?
will thou for ever, Lord, retire?

Shall

Shall thy consuming Anger burn
till that and we at once expire?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a Space
thou dost for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
but loading it with Grief and Pain.
48 What Man is he that can control
Death's strict unalterable Doom?
Or rescue from the Grave his Soul,
the Grave that must Mankind intomb?
49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundless Grace,
the Oath to which thy Truth did seal,
Consign'd to David and his Race,
the Grant which Time should ne'er repeal?
50 See how thy Servants treated are
with Infamy, Reproach, and Spite;
Which in my silent Breast I bear
from Nations of licentious Might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
have made thy Servant's Hope their jest:
52 Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,
and ever sing, The Lord be blest.
Amen, Amen.

Psalm XC.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy chosen Race,
From Age to Age thou still hast been
our sure Abiding-place.
2 Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
or th' Earth and World didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the same.
3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,
of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the Word, Return,
'tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy Sight a thousand Years
are like a Day that's past,
Or like a Watch in dead of Night,
whose Hours unminded waste.
5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,
we vanish hence like Dreams;
At first we grow like Grass that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams.
6 But howsoever fresh and fair
its Morning Beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
before the Ev'ning close.

7, 8 We

7, 8 We by thine Anger are conſum'd,
and by thy Wrath diſmay'd:
Our public Crimes and ſecret Sins
Before thy Sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unreguarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.
10 Our Term of Time is ſeventy Years,
an Age that few ſurvive;
But if, with more than common Strength,
to Eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain;
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does as he ought revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.
12 So teach us Lord the uncertain Sum
of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do thou
of our juſt Doom repent.
14 To ſatisfy and chear our Souls,
thy early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy Times, with large amends,
dry up our former Tears;
Or equal at the leaſt the Term
of our afflicted Years.
16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to our Offspring, yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our Work Succeſs;
Thy glorious Work we have in hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

Pſalm XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under his Almighty Shade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide.

2 Thus

2 Thus, to my Soul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.
3 His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:
4 He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head:
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.
5 No Terrors, that ſurpriſe by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
6 Nor Plague of unknown Riſe, that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills,
That in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.
7 A thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The Wicked's ſad Cataſtrophe,
And count the Sinners' mournful Gains.
9 Becauſe (with well-pleas'd Confidence)
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt doth rely:
10 Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
any infectious Plague draw nigh.
11 For he, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angels ſtrict Commands:
12 And they, leſt thou ſhoud'ſt chance to meet
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.
13 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie.
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.
15 He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befalls:
Increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:
16 And when, with undiſturbed Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
His End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

Pſalm XCII.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be,
to thank the Lord moſt high!

And

And with repeated Hymns of Praiſe,
his Name to magnify!
2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant Truth each Night,
the glad Effects repeat.
3 To ten-ſtring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful Pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the Harp, with ſolemn Sounds,
for ſacred Uſe deſign'd.
4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
thou mak'ſt my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful Voice.
5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord,
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whoſe winding Tracks in Secret laid,
no ſtupid Sinner ſees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Graſs, look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt
for ever paſs away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art ſtill moſt high;
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10 Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated Head.
11 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal End of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
ſhall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on Lebanon
in ſtately Order grow.
13, 14 Theſe, planted in the Houſe of God,
within his Courts ſhall thrive;
Their Vigor and their Luſtre both
ſhall in old Age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his Juſtice ſhew;
and God, my ſtrong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially diſpenſe.

Pſalm XCIII.

1 WIth Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
the Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,

The World's Foundation ſtrongly laid,
and the vaſt Fabric ſtill ſuſtains.
2 How ſurely ſtabliſht is thy Throne!
which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
art God from all Eternity.
3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
and toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe,
and make the angry Sea comply.
5 Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure;
and they that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure;
muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

Pſalm XCIV.

1, 2 O GOD, to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and cruſh thy haughty Foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful Men
their ſolemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boaſt?
and inſolently ſpeak?
5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppreſs,
but unprovok'd they ſpill
The Widows and the Strangers Blood,
and helpleſs Orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they ſpeak)
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds
"the God of Jacob take.
8 At length, ye ſtupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to diſcern,
In Folly will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe
who his known Will defy?
11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

12 Bleſt is the Man whom thou, O Lord,
in Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk
do'ſt wiſely adviſe.
13 This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find
in Seaſons of Diſtreſs;

Whilſt

Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14 For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take;
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot,
he will not quite forſake.
15 The World ſhall then confeſs thee juſt,
in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chooſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my Behalf,
when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs,
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in Silence ſtept,
but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlip'd; when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain?
21 Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
they form their cloſe Deſign;
And blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.
22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt High;
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

Pſalm XCV.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
2 Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.
3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is, with unrival'd Glory, great;
A King ſuperior far to all,
Whom, by his Title, God we call.
4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;

The Strength of Hills that threat'ning Rise
Subjected to his Empire lies.
5 The rolling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs
By the ſame ſov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.
6 O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-Sheep are we;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To Day, if you his Voice will hear,
8 Let not your harden'd Hearts renew
Your Father's Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In Deſart Plains of Meribah!
9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd;
They ſtill, thro' unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
10, 11 They, forty Years, my Patience griev'd
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd;
Then --- 'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd;
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path;
Therefore to them in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſwear
That they ſhall never enter there.

Pſalm XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
Let Earth, in one aſſembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praiſe reſound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name
From Day to Day his Praiſe proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3 To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities:
5 For Pegeantry and Idols all,
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
He only Rules who made the Skies.
6 With Majeſty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne ſurround;
7 Be therefore both to him reſtor'd
By you who have falſe Gods ador'd,
Aſcribe due Honour to his Name;

8 Peace Offrings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he, alone can claim.
9 To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
And banisht Justice will restore.
11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.
12 For Joy let fertile Vallies sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
The tuneful Birds of Choir awake,
13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out, with awful State,
His Circuit thro' the Earth to take:
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Justice to Reward and Doom.

Psalm XCVII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
in his just Government rejoice;
Let all the Isles, with sacred Mirth,
in his Applause unite their Voice.
2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
his dazling Glory shroud in State;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
and fix'd by his Pavilion wait.
3 Devouring Fire before his Face
his Foes around with Vengeance struck;
4 His Lightnings set the World on Blaze;
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.
5 The proudest Hills his Presence felt,
their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
The proudest Hills like Wax did melt
in Presence of th' Almighty Lord.
6 The Heav'ns, his Righteousness to show,
with Storms of Fire our Foes pursu'd;
And all the trembling World below,
have his descending Glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious Host,
who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant Idols boast,
To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.
8 Glad Sion of thy Triumph heard,
and Judah's Daughters were o'erjoy'd;

Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
have Pagan-pride and Pow'r deſtroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, are ſeated high,
above Earth's Potentates inthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrivell'd in the Sky,
ſupreme by all the Gods are own'd.
10 You, who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
abhor what's Ill, and Truth eſteem:
He'll keep his Servants' Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.
11 For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
a future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart that's right,
to recompenſe his pious Truſt.
12 Rejoice, ye Righteous in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
and with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

Pſalm XCVIII.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wond'rous Things has done;
With his Right-hand and holy Arm
the Conqueſt he has won.
2 The Lord has thro' the aſtoniſht World
diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathen's Sight.
3 Of Iſr'el's Houſe his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been:
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r
of Iſr'el's God have ſeen.
4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.
5 With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody
into the Conſort bring,
6 The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's Sound,
before th' Almighty King.
7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
join Conſort with the Main.
8 With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
to ſpreading Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
redoubled Shouts convey;
9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Juſtice come,

And, with impartial Equity,
both to Reward and Doom.

Pſalm XCIX.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
The guilty Nations quake;
On Cherubs' Wings he ſits inthron'd;
let Earth's Foundations ſhake.
2 On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with Praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful Name;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs proclaim.
4 For Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take place:
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to Jacob's Race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs extol.
6 Moſes and Aaron thus of old,
amongſt his Prieſts ador'd;
Amongſt his Prophets Samuel thus
his ſacred Name implor'd.
Diſtreſt, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For with their Camp, to guide their March,
the cloudy Pillar mov'd:
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
obedient Servants prov'd.
8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his People for their ſake,
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd,
did ſad Examples make.
9 With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
alone ſhould be ador'd.

Pſalm C.

1, 2 WITH one Conſent let all the Earth
to God their chearful Voices raiſe;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
and ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.
Convinc'd that he is God alone,
from whom both we and all proceed;

We, whom he chooſes for his own,
the Flock that he vouchſafes to feed.
4 O enter then his Temple-gate,
thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
and ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.
5 For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
his Mercy is forever ſure;
His Truth, which always firmly ſtood,
to endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

Pſalm CI.

1 OF Mercy's never-failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life myſelf I'll make,
A Pattern for my Court to take.
3 No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do.
4 Who to Reproof bears no Regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private Slanderer ſhall be
In public Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the Heart of Pride.
6 But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell,
In Splendor at my Court ſhall dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice makes their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments there.
7 No Politics ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.
8 All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain
God's holy City to profane.

Pſalm CII.

1 WHEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal Throne of Grace
let my ſad Cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face
in Times of deep Diſtreſs;
Incline thine Ear, and when I call
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.

3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth,
that's parch'd with conſtant Fires.
4 My Heart like Graſs, that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.
5 By Reaſon of my ſad Eſtate,
I ſpend my Breath in Groans;
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6 I'm like a Pelican become,
that does in Deſarts mourn;
Or like an Owl, that ſits all Day
on barren Trees forlorn.
7 In Watching or in reſtleſs Dreams
the Night by me is ſpent;
As by thoſe ſolatary Birds
that loanſome Roofs frequent.
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;
Who all, poſſeſt with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.
9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſt with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
my Drink is mixt with Tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath does lie;
For thou, to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.
11 My Days, juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade;
My Beauty does, like wither'd Graſs,
with waning Luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal State, O Lord,
no length of Time ſhall waſte:
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works,
from Age to Age ſhall laſt.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view
with an unclouded Face:
For now her Time is come, they own
appointed Day of Grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd Ruins by thy Saints
with Pity are ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.

15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord
all Heathen Kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall Sion build again,
and in full State appear.
17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt Pray'r;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.
19 For God from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams diſplay'd
The Lord from Heav'n his lofty Throne,
has all the Earth ſurvey'd.
20 He liſt'ned to the Captives Moans,
he heard their mournful Cry,
And freed by his reſiſtleſs Pow'r
the Wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City ſing
loud Praiſes to his Name.
22 When all the Tribes aſſembling there,
their ſolemn Vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring Lands with glad Conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.
23 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
thro' his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful Days.
24 Lord, end not thou my Life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endleſs Ages laſt.
25 The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
of old by thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made.
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a Garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their Change,
to thy Command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy Years an End.
28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints
ſhall laſting Quiet give;
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fixt,
ſhall in thy Preſence live.

Pſalm

1, 2 MY Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs:
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
and ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
and after Sickneſs makes thee ſound:
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
by him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good Things thy Mouth ſupplies,
thy Vigour Eagle-like renews;
He, when the guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
his Foe with juſt Revenge purſues.
7 God made of old his righteous Ways
to Moſes and our Fathers known;
His Works, to his eternal Praiſe
were to the Sons of Jacob ſhown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,
and unexampled Acts of Grace;
His waken'd Wrath does ſlowly move,
his willing Mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harſhly chide,
but with his Anger quickly part;
And loves his Puniſhments to guide
more by his Love than our Deſert.
11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends
above this little Spot of Clay,
So much his boundleſs Love tranſcends
the ſmall Reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
ſo far has he our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breaſt,
has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
conſiders that we are but Clay;
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our Days
like Graſs or Flow'rs muſt fade away.
16, 17 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſts,
nor can we find their former Place;
God's faithful Mercy ever laſts,
to thoſe that fear him, and their Race.
18 This ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill
proceed in his appointed Way;
And who not only know his Will,
but to it juſt Obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the univerſal King,
in Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne;
To him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
in whoſe great Strength his Pow'rs is ſhown.

Ye that his just Commands obey,
and hear and do his sacred Will;
21 Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,
who fulfil what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless
the mighty Lord; and thou my Heart
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
and in this Consort bear thy Part.

Psalm CIV.

1 BLESS God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone,
possessest Empire without Bounds;
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
eternal Majesty surrounds.
2 With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,
and Glory for a Garment take;
Heav'n's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe
thy Canopy of State to make.
3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms
his Palace Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
the swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as Flame, and swift as Wind,
his Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd;
all proud to serve their Sov'reign's Will.
5, 6 Earth on her Center fixt he set,
her Face with Waters overspread;
Nor proudest Mountains dar'd as yet,
to lift above the Waves their Head.
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,
th' insulting Waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
and by their Haste confess'd their Dread.
8 Thence up, by secret Tracts they crept,
and, gushing from the Mountain's Side
Thro' Vallies travel to the Deep,
appointed to receive their Tide.
9 There hast thou fixt the Ocean's Bounds,
the threat'ning Surges to repeal;
That they no more o'erpass their Mounds,
nor to a second Deluge swell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence in smaller Parties drawn,
the Sea recovers her lost Hills;
And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn
surprise the Vales with plenteous Rills.
11 The Field's tame Beasts are thither led,
weary with Labour, faint with Drought;

And

And Asses on wild Mountains bred
have Sense to find these Currents out.
12 Their shady Trees, from scorching Beams,
yield shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
return the Tribute of their Song.
13 His Rains from Heav'n parcht Hills recruit,
that soon transmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burden'd with her Fruit,
and Nature's Lap can hold no more.
14 Grass for our Cattle to devour,
he makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs for Man's Use, of various Pow'r
that either Food or Physic yield.
15 With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
to chear Man's Heart oppress with Cares;
Gives Oil that makes his Face to shine,
and corn, that wasted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The Trees of God, without the Care
or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair,
as those in Royal Gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
the Wand'rers of the Air may rest;
The hospitable Pine from Harms
protects the Stork, her pious Guest.
18 Wild Goats the craggy Rocks ascend,
its tow'ring Heights their Fortress make,
Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend,
where feebler Creatures Refuge take.
19 The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows
th' appointed Seasons of the Year;
Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows,
his Hours to rise and disappear.
20, 21 Darkness he makes the Earth to shroud,
when Forest Beasts securely stray;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
to Providence, that sends them Prey.
22 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
'till summon'd by the rising Morn,
To sculk in Dens, with one Consent,
the conscious Ravagers return.
23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil
the Husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
with him returns to his Repose.
24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found,
for which thy Wisdom we adore!

The

The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,
'till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

PART IV.

25 But still the vast unfathom'd Main
of Wonders a new Scene supplies,
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain
of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
26 Full freighted Ships from ev'ry Port
there cut their unmolested Way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
thou mad'st, has Compass there to play.
27 These various Troops of Sea and Land
in Sense of common Want agree:
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,
and have their daily Alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy Stores disperse,
without their Trouble to provide:
Thou op'st thy Hand, the Universe,
the craving World is all supply'd.
29 Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,
the num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn:
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race
forthwith to Mother-Earth return.
30 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
t' inspire the Mass with vital Seed;
Nature's restor'd, and Parent-Earth
smiles on her new-created Breed.
31 Thus thro' successive Ages stands
firm fixt thy providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.
32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills;
One Touch from thee, with Clouds of Smoke,
in Darkness shrouds the proudest Hills.
33 In praising God, while he prolongs
my Breath, I will that Breath employ;
34 And join Devotion to my Songs,
sincere, as in him is my Joy.
35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
my Soul, praise thou his holy Name,
Till with thy Song, the list'ning World
join Consort, and his Praise proclaim.

Psalm CV.

1 O Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,
invoke his sacred Name:
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchless Deeds proclaim.

2 Sing

2 Sing to his Praiſe in lofty Hymns,
his wond'rous Works rehearſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and Subject of your Verſe.
3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face for evermore.
5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought
keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye his Servant Abr'am's Seed,
and Jacob's choſen Race,
7 He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth take Place.
8 His Cov'nant he has kept in mind
for num'rous Ages paſt,
Which yet, for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to Abr'am, next by Oath
to Iſaac made ſecure;
10 To Jacob and his Heirs a Law
for ever to endure.
11 That Canaan's Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were:
12 But few in Number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs Strangers there.
13 In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
14 Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs, for their ſakes,
ſeverely be reprov'd.
15 "Theſe mine Anointed are, (ſaid he);
"Let none my Servants wrong,
"Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill
"that does to me belong."
16 A Dearth at laſt, by his Command,
did thro' the land prevail;
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
ſuſtaining Corn did fail.
17 But his indulgent Providence
had pious Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their Death
who ſold him to prevent.

18 His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
with Calumny his Fame;
19 Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.
20 The King his ſov'reign Orders ſent,
and reſcu'd him with Speed:
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
21 His Court, Revenues, Realms, were all
ſubjected to his Will;
22 His greateſt Princes to controul,
and teach his Stateſman Skill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt then, invited Gueſts,
half-famiſh'd Iſr'el came;
And Jacob held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Land of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with ſuch Increaſe
his People multiply'd,
Till with their proud Oppreſſors they
in Strength and Number vy'd.
25 Their vaſt Increaſe th' Egyptians Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
Till they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26 His Servant Moſes then he ſent,
his choſen Aaron too;
27 Impower'd with Signs and Miracles
to prove their Miſſion true.
28 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew;
29 Each Stream and Lake transform'd to Blood,
the wond'ring Fiſhes flew.
30 In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
the Peſt of Frogs was bred;
From noiſome Fens ſent up to croak
at Pharoah's Board and Bed.
31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy Hoſts;
Whilſt Earth enliven'd Duſt below
bred Lice in all their Coaſts.
32 He ſent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew;
33 He ſmote their Vines and Foreſt Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.
34 He ſpake the Word and Locuſts came,
with Caterpillars join'd,
That prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.

35 From Trees to Herbage they descend,
no verdant Thing they spare;
But like the naked fallow Field,
leave all the Pastures bare.
36 From Fields to Villages and Towns
commission'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke their eldest Hopes
and Strength of Egypt slew.
37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd Wealth;
And, what transcends all Treasure else,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.
38 Egypt rejoic'd, in Hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills,
by those already prov'd.
39 Their shrouding Canopy by Day,
a journeying Cloud was spread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night,
their Desert-marches led.
40 They long'd for Flesh; with Ev'ning Quails
he furnish'd ev'ry Tent:
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels sent.
41 He smote the Rock, whose flinty Breast
pour'd forth a gushing Tide;
Whose flowing Streams, where'er they march'd,
the Desart's Drought supply'd.
42 For still he did on Abr'am's Faith
and antient League reflect:
43 He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his Elect.
44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes
from Canaan's fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Possession gave
the Fruit of other's Toil:
45 That they his Statutes might observe,
his sacred Laws obey.
For Benefits so vast let us
our Songs of Praise repay.

Psalm CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise?

3 Happy

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray;
Who knows what's right; not only ſo,
But always practice what they know.
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford:
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.
5 O may I worthy prove, to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch Grace,
Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score?
7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his Works in Egypt wrought;
The Rea-Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign Pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.
9 To Right and Left, at his Command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As thro' ſome parcht and deſart Way.
10 Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear,
11 Whoſe Rage purſu'd them to thoſe Waves,
That prov'd the raſh Purſuers Graves.
12 The wat'ry Mountains' ſudden Fall
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharoah, Hoſt and all.
This Proof did ſtupid Iſr'el move
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

13 But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not;
14 But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh Temptations preſs.
15 Strong Food at their Requeſt he ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment.
16 Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet whom he choſe.
17 But Earth the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Raſh Dathan to her Centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious Crew.

18 The

18 The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train, became
A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.
19 Near Horeb's Mount a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in Egypt wrought;
22 His Signs in Ham's astonisht Coast,
And where proud Pharoah's Troops were lost.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand he rear'd,
But Moses in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleasant Land despis'd,
Nor his repeated Promise priz'd;
25 Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey,
But when God said, Go up, would stay.
26, 27 This seal'd their Doom without Redress,
To perish in the Wilderness;
Or else to be by Heathen's Hands
O'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28 Yet unreclaim'd this stubborn Race,
Baal-Peor's Worship did embrace;
Because his impious Guests, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke.
'Tis come;---the deadly Pest is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.
30 But Phineas, fir'd with holy Rage,
(Th' Almighty Vengeance to asswage)
Did, by two bold Offender's Fall,
Th' Atonement make that ransom'd All.
31 As him a heav'nly Zeal has mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Priesthood he so well did grace.
32 At Meribah God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who Moses for their Sake reprov'd;
33 Whose patient Soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.
34 Nor when possest of Canaan's Land,
Did they perform the Lord's Command,

Nor

Nor his commission'd Sword employ,
The guilty Nations to destroy.
35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,
But, mingling, learnt their Vices too;
36 And Worship to those Idols paid,
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
37, 38 To Devils they did sacrifice
Their Children with relentless Eyes;
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughter's Blood.
No cheaper Victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did these savage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates suffice;
For after their Heart's Lust they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
40 But Sins of such infernal Hue
God's Wrath against his People drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.
41 He them defenceless did expose
To their insulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of those who bore them greatest Hate.
42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their Lists of Tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vassals of Mankind.
43 Yet when distrest they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent:
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his Promise bring,
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring.
46 Compassion too he did impart
E'en to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
In those who them to Bondage led.
47 Still save us, Lord, and Isr'el's Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raise,
And ever Triumph in thy Praise.
48 Let Isr'el's God be ever blest,
His Name eternally confest;

Let

Let all his Saints with full Accord
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm CVII.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raise,
who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceasing Praise
attend on his eternal Love.
2, 3 Let these give Thanks whom he from Bands
of proud oppressing Foes releas'd;
And brought them back from distant Lands,
from North and South, and West and East.
4, 5 Thro' lonely desart Ways they went,
nor could a peopled City find;
Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,
their fainting Souls within them pin'd.
6 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear
did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep Distress.
7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,
and in the certain Way did guide
To wealthy Towns of great Resort,
where all their Wants were well supply'd.
8 O then that all the Earth with me
would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
throughout the wond'ring World displays!
9 For he from Heav'n the sad Estate
of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls, that pant for Meat,
his Goodness daily Food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with Darkness compass'd round,
in Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
by pressing Cares more heavy made;
11, 12 Because God's Counsel they defy'd,
and lightly priz'd his holy Word;
With these Afflictions they were try'd;
they fell, and none could Help afford.
13 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear
did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep Distress.
14 From dismal Dungeons dark as Night,
and Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
and welcome Liberty bestow'd.

15 O then that all the Earth with me
would God for this his Goodneſs Praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
16 For he with his almighty Hand
the Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand,
or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorſeleſs Wretches void of Senſe,
with bold Tranſgreſſions God defy;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
oppreſs'd with ſore Diſeaſes lie.
18 Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
abhors to taſte the choiceſt Meats,
And they by faint Decrees draw near
to Death's inhoſpitable Gates.
19 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear
do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and freeds them from their deep Diſtreſs.
20 He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
his Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all human Succour fails,
from near Deſtruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the Earth with me
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs;
And with loud Joy his holy Name
for all his Acts of Wonder bleſs!

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships with Courage bold,
o'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue,
Do God's amazing Works behold,
and in the Deep his Wonders view.
25 No ſooner his Command is paſt,
but forth a dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
and makes the ſtormy Billows riſe.
26 Sometimes the Ships toſs'd up to Heav'n,
on Tops of Mountain Waves appear;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n,
whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſt;

Nor

Nor do the ſkilful Seaman know
which Way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.
28 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear
they do their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging Storms appeaſe,
and makes their Billows calm and ſtill;
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe,
and their intended Courſe fulfil.
31 O then that all the Earth with me
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
advance to Heav'n his glorious Name;
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court
with one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim!

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground
to puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parcht and deſart Heath he makes
to flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells,
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
and in ſtrong City ſafely dwells.
37, 38 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſings grants,
his fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
his Health and Subſtance fade away;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's galling Yoke,
and is of Grief the wretched Prey.
40 The Prince that ſlights what God commands,
expos'd to Scorn muſt quit his Throne;
And over wild and ſeſart Lands,
where no Path offers, ſtray alone.
41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares,
ſets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs,
with his increaſing Flocks to vie.
42, 43 Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
the Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe theſe ſtrange Events ſhall weigh,
and thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

Pſalm

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praise,
shall celebrate thy Fame.
2 Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy
prevent the dawning Day.
3 To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell;
And to those Nations sing thy Praise
that round about us dwell:
4 Because thy Mercy's boundless Height
the highest Heav'n transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the starry Frame;
And let the World, with one Consent,
confess thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy chosen People thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy Right-hand protect me still,
and answer thou my Pray'r.
7 Since God himself has said the Word,
whose Promise cannot fail,
With Joy I Sechem will divide,
and measure Succoth's Vale:
8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
and Ephraim owns my Cause:
Their Strength my regal Pow'r supports,
and Judah gives my Laws.
9 Moab I'll make my servile Drudge,
on vanquish't Edom tread;
And thro' the proud Philistine Lands
my conqu'ring Banners spread.
10 By whose Support and Aid shall I
their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops securely lead
thro' Edom's guarded Plain?
11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our Arms,
which late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou, of these our Hosts,
once more the Guidance take?
12 O to thy Servants in Distress
thy speedy Succour send;
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.

13 Then

13 Then valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

Pſalm CIX.

1 O GOD, whoſe former Mercies make
my conſtant Praiſe thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my ſad State
with wonted Favour view.
2 For ſinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their ſtudy'd Slanders ſeek
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.
3 Their reſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill
malicious Lies to ſpread;
And all againſt my Life combine,
by cauſeleſs Fury led.
4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt Love I us'd,
my chief Oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other Friends bereft,
reſort to thee by Pray'r.
5 Since Miſchief, for the Good I did,
their ſtrange Reward does prove:
And Hatred's the Return they make
for undiſſembled Love:
6 Their guilty Leader ſhall be made
to ſome ill Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuſer have.
7 His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful Fate;
Whilſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves
his Crimes to aggravate.
8 He ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
ſha'n't live out half his Days;
Another by divine Decree,
ſhall on his Office ſeize.
9, 10 His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife
a Widow plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.
11 His ill-got Riches ſhall be made
to Uſurers a Prey;
The Fruit of all his Toil ſhall be
by Strangers borne away.
12 None ſhall be found, that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs Orphan-Seed
the leaſt Aſſiſtance lend.

13 A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name
ſhall utterly deface.
14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins
upon his Head ſhall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think
and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe, in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16 Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd,
but ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd,
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man,
with heavy Woes diſtreſs'd.
17 Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own Portion prove;
And Bleſſing, which he ſtill abhor'd,
ſhall far from him remove.
18 Since he in curſing took ſuch Pride,
like Water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his Veins, and ſtick like Oil
with which his Bones are fed.
19 This, like a poiſon'd Robe, ſhall ſtill
his conſtant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
he never ſhall be free.
20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
that Ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe Reports
againſt my Life combine.
21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious Mercy's Sake
preſerve and ſet me free.
22 For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd,
am void of all Relief;
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs,
And quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
23 I like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,
which vaniſhes apace;
Like Locuſts up and down I'm toſt,
and have no certain Place.
24, 25 My Knees with faſting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
and treat me with Diſdain.

26, 27 But for thy Mercy's Sake, O Lord,
do thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thine own Act,
the Work of thy Right-hand.
28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoice in thee.
29 My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and ſpite of all his Pride,
His own Confuſion, like a Cloke,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.
30 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
31 For him the Poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant Friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltleſs Souls defend.

Pſalm CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
"Till I thy Foes my Foot-ſtool make,
"ſit thou, in State, at my Right-hand;
2 "Supreme in Sion thou ſhalt be,
"And all thy proud Oppoſers ſee
"ſubjected to thy juſt Command.
3 "Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
"The willing Nations ſhall obey;
"and when thy riſing Beams they view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
"Appear as numberleſs and bright
"as chryſtal Drops of Morning Dew."
4 The Lord has ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That like Melchizedeck's, thy Reign
and Prieſthood ſhall no Period know:
5 No proud Competitor to ſit
At thy Right-hand will he permit,
but in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.
6 The ſentenc'd Heathen he ſhall ſlay,
And fill with Carcaſes his Way,
till he has ſtruck Earth's Tyrant dead:
7 But in the Highway Brook ſhall firſt,
Like a poor Pilgrim ſlake his Thirſt,
and then in Triumph raiſe his Head.

Pſalm CXI.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My Soul her utmoſt Pow'r ſhall raiſe,

With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints his Praiſe ſhall be my Song.

2 His Works, for Greatneſs, tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek from them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

3 His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.

4 By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind,
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His Bounty, like the flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants' Wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in Mind
His Cov'nant with our Fathers ſign'd.

6 At once aſtoniſht and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their Heritage poſſeſs'd.

7 Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands:

8 By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.

9 He ſet his Saints from Bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the ſame:
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.

10 Who Wiſdom's ſacred Prize would win,
Muſt with the Fear of God begin:
Immortal Praiſe, and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his Will.

Pſalm CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in Awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred Law;

2 His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.

3 His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury;
His Juſtice free from all Decay,
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.

4 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night;
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.

5 His

5 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.
6 Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground;
The sweet Remembrance of the Just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.
7 Ill Tidings never can surprise
His Heart that fix'd on God relies:
On Safety's Rock he sits, and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.
9 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10 The wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vanish, with themselves, away.

Psalm CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record;
2 his sacred Name for ever bless.
3 Where'er the circling Sun displays,
His rising Beams and setting Rays,
due Praise to his great Name address.
4 God thro' the World extends his Sway;
The Regions of eternal Day
but Shadows of his Glory are.
5 To him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
let no created Pow'r compare.
6 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.
7 When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessings of an Heir,
to rescue their expiring Name;
Makes her that barren was to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear.
O then extol his matchless Fame.

Psalm CXIV.

1 WHEN Isr'el, by th' Almighty led,
(enrich'd with their Oppressor's Spoil)

From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's Seed
from Bondage in a foreign Soil;
2 Jehovah, for his Residence,
chose out imperial Judah's Tent,
His Mansion-Royal, and from thence
thro' Isr'el's Camp his Orders sent.
3 The distant Sea with Terror saw,
and from th' Almighty's Presence fled;
Old Jordan's Streams, surpriz'd with Awe,
retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4 The taller Mountains skipp'd like Rams,
when Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills skipp'd after them, like Lambs
affrighted by their Leader's Fear.
5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
and naked leave your ouzy Bed?
Why, Jordan, against Nature's Law,
recoil'dst thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6 Why, Mountains, did ye skip like Rams,
when Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs,
when they their Leader's Flight behold?
7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear
thy Lord and Maker's Face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'tis Time for Earth and Seas to flee;
8 To flee from God whose Nature's Law
confirms and cancels at his Will;
Whose Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
and thirsty Vales with Water fill.

Psalm CXV.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy sacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's Sake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now
the God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in Heav'n thou art,
and uncontrol'd thy Pow'r.
4 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands:
5 With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes
the molten Idol stands.
6 The Pageant has both Ears and Nose,
but neither hears nor smells;
7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move,
nor Life within it dwells.
8 Such senseless Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like 'em find,

But

But thoſe who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.
9 O Iſr'el, make the Lord your Truſt,
who is your Help and Shield:
10 Prieſts, Levites, truſt in him alone,
who only Help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they Fear, rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants ſupply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Iſr'el's Houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confeſs.
14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will
Increaſe of Bleſſings bring:
15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this almighty King.
16 Heav'n's higheſt Orb of Glory, he
his Empire's Seat deſign'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.
17 They who in Death and Silence ſleep,
to him no Praiſe afford:
18 But we will bleſs for evermore,
our ever living Lord.

Pſalm CXVI.

1 MY Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love
intirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Requeſt.
2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the Straits of Life,
to him addreſs my Pray'r.
3 With deadly Sorrows compaſt round,
with Pains of Hell oppreſt;
When Anguiſh ſeiz'd my aching Heart,
and Anguiſh rack'd my Breaſt;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my Soul,
"with Sorrows quite diſmay'd."
5, 6 How juſt and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the Harmleſs, and to me
does timely Help afford.
7 Then, free from penſive Cares, my Soul,
reſume thy wonted Reſt;

For God has wond'rously to thee
his bounteous Love expreſt.
8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my Dangers and my Fears;
My Feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in Praiſes to his Name,
and in his Service ſpend.
10, 11 In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt Straits did boaſt;
(For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid
from faithleſs Men were loſt.)
12, 13 Then what Return to him ſhall I
for all his Goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with glad Zeal
the Cup of Bleſſing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongſt his Saints,
whoſe Blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account
is always highly priz'd.
16 By various Ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy Dominion bow;
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ranſom'd Captive now!
17, 18 To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
and whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vows
to all thy Saints proclaim.
19 They in Jeruſalem ſhall meet,
and in thy Houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

Pſalm CXVII.

1 WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe.
2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

Pſalm CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful Iſr'el ſay.
3, 4 Their Senſe of his eternal Love
Let Aaron's Houſe expreſt;

And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.
5 To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my Side
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?
7 Since God with thoſe that aid my Cauſe
vouchſafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes I need not doubt
a juſt Return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.
10, 11 Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round;
Yet by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze:
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with Eaſe.
13 When all united preſs'd me hard,
in Hopes to make me fall:
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my Part,
and ſav'd me from them all.
14 The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
he only claims my Songs.
15 Joy fills the Dwellings of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to paſs
by his almighty Arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
has endleſs Honour won;
The ſaving Strength of his Right-hand
amazing Works has done.
17 God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.
18 When God had ſorely me chaſtis'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd;
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.

19 Then

19 Then open wide the Temple-Gates,
to which the Juſt repair;
That I may enter in, and praiſe
my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within thoſe Gates of God's Abode
to which the Righteous preſs.
Since thou haſt heard and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy Name I'll bleſs.
22, 23 That, which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner-Stone;
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
24, 25 This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoice.
26 Him, that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Aſſembly bleſs;
"We, that belong to God's own Houſe,
"have wiſh'd you good Succeſs."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
both Light and Comfort find;
Faſt to the Altar's Horn with Cords,
the choſen Victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
29 O then, with me, give Thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
be endleſs as his Love.

Pſalm CXIX.

A L E P H.

1 HOW bleſt are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the ſacred Paths
of God's Commandments ſtray!
2 Thrice bleſs'd! who to his righteous Laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favour ſought to win!
3 Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs
with conſtant Care proceed.
4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will;

And

And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.
5 O! then that thy moſt holy Will
might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the Courſe of all my Life
by thy Direction guide!
6 Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.
7 My upright Heart ſhall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praiſes fill;
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I ſhall have learnt thy Will.
8 So to thy ſacred Laws ſhall I
all due Obſervance pay;
O then forſake me not, my God,
nor caſt me quite away,

B E T H.

9 How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways
from all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
with thy Commands agree.
10 With hearty Zeal, for thee I ſeek,
to thee for Succour pray;
O ſuffer not my careful Steps
from thy right Paths to ſtray.
11 Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid,
thy Word, my Treaſure lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name.
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws
my future Life to frame.
13 My Lips, unlockt by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deſerve our beſt Regard.
14 Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands,
more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy Juſt and upright Laws
ſhall always fill my Mind;
And thoſe ſound Rules which thou preſcrib'ſt
all due Reſpects ſhall find.
16 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
ſhall be thy conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word,
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend.
That I, according to thy Word,
my Time to come may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things which they behold
who thy juſt Precepts learn.
19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight
remove not thou away.
20 My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search
of thy juſt Will intent.
21 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
, preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.
23 Tho' Princes oft in Council met,
againſt thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſineſs make,
24 For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn, with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My Soul oppreſs'd with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Duſt does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declare my Ways,
who doſt incline thine Ear;
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28 But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks,
preſt down with weighty Care;
Do, thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.

29 Far

29 Far, far from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.
31 My Care has been to make my Life,
with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
32 So in the Way of thy Commands,
ſhall I with Pleaſure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

H E.

33 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths diſplay:
And I from them thro' all my Life,
will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true Wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devout my zealous Heart.
35 Direct me in the ſacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.
37 From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.
38 Confirm the Promiſe which thou mad'ſt,
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
is awfully afraid.
39 The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in Mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt,
are full of Grace and Love.
40 Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

V A U.

41 Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
to chear my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
thy ſaving Health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Anſwer make;
"In God I truſt, who never will
"his faithful Promiſe break."
43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope
thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age my Time to come
in their Obſervance ſpend.
45 E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I reſolv'd to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46 Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk;
and Princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the Juſtice of thy Ways
with Confidence defend.
47 My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy juſt Decrees,
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſineſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy Commands.

Z A I N.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
50 That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
did all my Griefs controul;
Thy Word, when Troubles hem'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.
51 Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52 Thy Judgments then, of antient Date,
I quickly call'd to mind;
Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.

53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think that all my ſinful Foes
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees
my chearful Anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſerts wild
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.
55 Thy Name that chear'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.
56 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou,
and ſure Poſſeſſion art;
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to treaſure in my Heart.
58 With all the Strength of warm Deſires
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe according to thy Word,
thy Mercy's boundleſs Store.
59 With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy Juſt Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
60 I loſt no Time, but made great Haſte,
reſolv'd, without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more
from thy Commandments ſtray.
61 Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in Mind.
62 In Dead of Night I will ariſe,
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.
63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
myſelf I cloſely join,
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands reſign.
64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn,
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

TETH,

TETH.

65 With me, thy Servant, thou haſt dealt
most graciouſly, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy Word.
66 Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.
67 Before Affliction ſtopt my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
thy Precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
the ſaving Skill beſtow.
69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies,
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fixt Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain,
70 While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live.
My Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.
72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the Workmanſhip
of thy almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt Commands.
74 My Preſervation to thy Saints
ſtrong Comfort will afford,
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.
75 That right thy Judgments are, I now
by ſure Experience ſee,
And that in Faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou has afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promiſe, Lord,
to me, thy Servant, made.

77 To me, thy saving Grace restore,
that I again may live;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.
78 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,
to ruin me have sought;
Who only on thy sacred Laws
employ my harmless Thought.
79 Let those that fear thy Name espouse
my Cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious Search
thy sacred Precepts known.
80 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart
continue always sound,
That Guilt and Shame the Sinners Lot,
may never me confound.

C A P H.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints
to see thy saving Grace;
Yet still on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.
81 My very Eyes consume and fail
with waiting for thy Word:
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?
83 My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows,
that long in Smoke is set;
Yet no Afflictions me can force
thy Statutes to forget.
84 How many Days must I endure
of Sorrow and Distress?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppress?
85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
and thy just Laws oppose.
86 With Right and Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree;
Men persecute me without Cause,
thou, Lord, my Helper be.
87 With close Designs, against my Life
they had almost prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore,
my drooping Heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous Statutes, I
my Life's whole Course may steer.

L A M E D.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou doſt remain:
Thy Word eſtabliſht in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs ſuſtain.
90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immovable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'ſt
by thy Almighty Hand.
91 All Things the Courſe by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this Day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.
92 Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.
93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, haſt to new Life
reſtor'd my dying Heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought know,
and carefully perform.
95 The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid
my guiltleſs Life to take:
But in the midſt of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.
96 I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy Commandments, like thyſelf,
no Change or Period know.

MEM.

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay;
They with freſh Wonders entertain
my raviſh'd Thoughts all Day.
98 Through thy Commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtle Foes;
For thy ſure Word does me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.
99 From me my former Teachers now
my abler Counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I
my conſtant Study make.
100 In Underſtanding I excel
the Sages of our Days;
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.

101 My

101 My Feet, with Care, I have refrain'd,
from ev'ry ſinful Way,
That to thy ſacred Word I might
intire Obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd,
by vain Deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.
103 How ſweet are all thy Words to me,
O what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to my Soul,
than Honey to my Taſte!
104 Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt;
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
106 I ſwear (and from my ſolemn Oath
will never ſtart aſide;)
That in thy righteous judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.
107 Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt
that I can bear no more,
According to thy Word, do thou
my fainting Soul reſtore.
108 Let ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
with thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing Mind.
109 Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
my Soul they cannot awe;
Nor, with continual Terrors, keep
from thinking on thy Law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.
111 Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoice,
112 My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey;
And till my Courſe of Life is done,
Shall keep thy upright Way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Law Affection bear,
too great to be expreſt.
114 My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r,
and Shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly Anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.
115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
approach not my Abode,
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd,
that I repoſe on thee.
117 Uphold me, ſo I ſhall be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
To thy Decrees continually
my juſt Reſpects addreſs.
118 The Wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile Deceit the juſt Reward
of their own Falſhood made.
119 The Wicked from thy holy Land
thou doſt, like Droſs, remove;
I therefore, with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
thy Teſtimonies love.
120 Yet with that Love they make me dread
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on Tranſgreſſors I behold
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd,
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
To my Oppreſſor's Rage.
122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me;
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the Proud
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.
123 My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
in long Expectance held,
Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy Servant, in Diſtreſs
thy wonted Grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing Heart
thy Statutes to obey.

125 On

125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
thy ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
the full Extent may know.
126 'Tis Time, high Time for thee, O Lord,
thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
thy ſacred Law deſtroy.
127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
but makes their Value riſe
In my Eſteem, who pureſt Gold,
compar'd with them, deſpiſe.
128 Thy Precepts therefore I account
in all Reſpects divine;
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe Ways decline.

P E.

129 The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
no Words can repreſent:
Therefore to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
130 The very Entrance to thy Word
celeſtial Light diſplays:
And Knowledge of true Happineſs
to ſimpleſt Minds conveys.
131 With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainted with Deſire,
That of thy wiſe Commands I might
the ſacred Skill acquire.
132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt Name adore.
133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any Kind
Dominion have o'er me.
134 Releaſe, intirely ſet me free
from perſecuting Hands,
That unmoleſted, I may learn
and practiſe thy Commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine;
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.
136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To ſee Mankind againſt thy Laws
in bold Defiance go.

TSADDI.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt;
And, like thyſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all Reſpects are juſt.
138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree;
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd
ſucceeding Times ſhall ſee.
139 With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes contemn at once
thy Promiſes and Threats.
140 Yet each neglected Word of thine
(however by them deſpis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
142 Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when Time itſelf is paſt;
Thy Law is Truth itſelf, that Truth
which ſhall for ever laſt.
143 Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dread
to compaſs me unite;
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make
thy Precepts my Delight.
144 Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earneſt Cry;
And I thy Statutes to perform
will all my Care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me, that I may
Thy Teſtimonies truly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.
147 My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
148 With Zeal have I awak'd before
the Midnight Watch was ſet,
That I of thy myſterious Word
might perfect Knowledge get.

149 Lord hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour ſhew;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy Judgments ever true.
150 My perſecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law.
151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is
thou, Lord, are yet more near;
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all,
thy Promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine Decrees
my Soul has known of old,
That they were true, and ſhall their Truth
to endleſs Ages laſt.

R E S C H.

153 Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
154 Plead thou my Cauſe; to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
according to thy Word.
155 From harden'd Sinners thou remov'ſt
Salvation far away:
'Tis juſt thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them
who from thy Statutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.
157 A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.
158 Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audicious Pride
thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.
159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from above.
160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

S C H I N.

161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cauſe,
conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has Pow'r alone
to fill my Heart with Dread.
162 And yet that Word my joyful Breaſt
with heav'nly Rapture warms;
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War,
have ſuch tranſporting Charms.
163 Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Sev'n Times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.
165 Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they
who truly love thy Law;
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.
166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and tho' ſo long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care
all thy Commands obey'd.
167 Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the Love I bore to them
thy Service eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my moſt ſacred Ways
are open to thy View.

TAU.

169 To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.
170 Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Word,
for my Relief draw near.
171 Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
When thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
172 My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

173 Let thy almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid;
For I the Laws thou haſt ordain'd
my Heart's free Choice have made.
174 My Soul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws afford.
175 Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
Whoſe Juſtice from the Depth of Woes
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair my Ways to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

Pſalm CXX.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me oppreſs'd with Wrongs:
2 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend;
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues.
3 What little Profit can accrue?
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue, to thee?
4 Thy Sting upon thyſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren Meſech's deſart Soil!
With Kedar's wicked Tents incloſ'd,
To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
6 My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms:
7 Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
They ſtraight cry out, To Arms, To Arms.

Pſalm CXXI.

1 TO Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid;
2 From Sion's Hill and Sion's God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3 Then, thou my Soul, in Safety reſt,
thy Guardian will not ſleep;
4 His watchful Care, that Iſr'el guards,
will Iſr'el's Monarch keep.

5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day or Night moleſt.
7 From common Accidents of Life
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.
8 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage,
ſafe to thy Journey's End.

Pſalm CXXII.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up Iſr'el to the Temple haſte,
and keep your feſtal Day.
2 At Salem's Courts we muſt appear
with our aſſembled Pow'rs;
3 In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd
like her unit'd Tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where Equity takes place;
There ſtand the Court and Palaces
of Royal David's Race.
6 O, pray we then for Salem's Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true Love to thee.
7 May Peace within thy ſacred Walls
a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends,
no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray---May Peace in Salem's Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For Sion and the Temple's Sake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

Pſalm CXXIII.

1, 2 O N thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies,
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Maſters' Hands,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes' Commands.

3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford;
To us, whom cruel Foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our Diſtreſs.

Pſalm CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord, (may Iſr'el ſay)
been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2 Had he not then eſpous'd our Cauſe,
when Men againſt us roſe.
3, 4, 5 Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us up alive,
and rag'd without Control;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who reſcu'd us that Day,
Nor to their ſavage Jaws gave up
our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7 Our Souls is like a Bird eſcap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſt,
and we at Freedom ſet.
8 Secure in his almighty Name
our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both ſole Monarch reigns.

Pſalm CXXV.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their Truſt,
like Sion's Rock ſhall ſtand,
Like her immoveable be fixt
by his almighty Hand.
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side
Jeruſalem incloſe:
So ſtands the Lord around his Saints
to guard them from their Foes.
3 The Wicked may afflict the Juſt,
but ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by Deſpair to ſeek
baſe Means for his Redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
who righteous Deeds affect;
The Heart that Innocence retains
let Innocence protect.
5 All thoſe who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord ſhall ſoon deſtroy;
Cut off th' unjuſt but crown the Saints
with laſting Peace and Joy.

Pſalm CXXVI.

1 WHEN Sion's God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing Dream

2 But ſoon in unaccuſtom'd Mirth
we did our Voice employ,
And ſing our great Creator's Praiſe
in thankful Hymns of Joy.
Our Heathen Foes repining ſtood,
yet were compell'd to own
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, ſay they, 'twas wond'rous great,
much more ſhould we confeſs;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we reap the glad Succeſs.
4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of Iſr'el's captive Bands,
More welcome than refreſhing Show'rs
to parcht and thirſty Lands.
5 That we, whoſe Work commenc'd in Tears
may ſee our Labours thrive,
Till finiſh'd with Succeſs, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.
6 Tho' he deſpond that ſows his Grain,
yet doubtleſs he ſhall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
the joyful Harveſt home.

Pſalm CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitleſs Coſt, unleſs
the Lord the Pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the Lord the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we riſe before the Day,
and late to Reſt repair,
Allow no Reſpite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.
Supplies of Life, with Eaſe to them,
he on his Saints beſtows;
He crowns their Labours with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound Repoſe.
3 Children, thoſe Comforts of our Life,
are Preſents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs
as Piety's Reward.
4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
when marching forth to War;
Ev'n ſo the Sons of ſprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man, whoſe Quiver's fill'd
with theſe prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

Psalm CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
not only Worſhip pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care
to his appointed Ways.
2 He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns
of his own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and ſee
his Wiſhes all ſucceed.
3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine
her lovely Fruit ſhall bring;
His Children, like young Olive Plants,
about his Table ſpring.
4, 5 Who fears the Lord ſhall proſper thus;
him Sion's God ſhall bleſs;
And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
6 He ſhall live on, 'till Heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt Increaſe;
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in Iſr'el's Peace.

Psalm CXXIX.

1 FROM my Youth up, may Iſr'el ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd;
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long;
4 But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.
5 Defeat, Confuſion, ſhameful Rout
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe,
Their righteous Doom, who Sion hate,
and Sion's God oppoſe.
6 Like Corn upon our Houſes Tops,
untimely let them fade:
Which too much Hate and want of Root,
have blaſted in the Blade:
7 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves:
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves:
8 No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

Psalm CXXX.

1 FROM loweſt Depths of Woe,
to God I ſent my Cry:
2 Lord! hear my ſupplicating Voice;

3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
who can the Trial bear;
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.
5 My Soul with Patience waits
for thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
thy never-failing Word.
6 My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray;
More duly than the Morning Watch,
to ſpy the dawning Day.
7 Let Iſr'el truſt in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows.
8 Whoſe friendly Streams to us
ſupplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe
and waſh our Guilt away.

Pſalm CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me too high.
2 With Infant-Innocence thou know'ſt
I have myſelf demean'd:
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe,
that from the Breaſt is wean'd.
3 Like me let Iſr'el hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in him
who lives for evermore.

Pſalm CXXXII.

1 LET David, Lord, a conſtant Place
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn Oath
to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom Jacob's Sons adore.
3, 4 I will not go into my Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd Abode
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Reſt
for Jacob's God have found.

6 The

6 Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
at Ephrata we found;
And made the Wood and neighb'ring Fields,
our glad Applauſe reſound.
7 O with due Rev'rence let us then,
to his Abode repair:
And proſtrate at his Footſtool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant Place of Reſt;
Be that not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Clothe thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs,
make thou thy Saints rejoice:
And for thy Servant David's ſake,
hear thine Anointed's Voice.
11 God ſware to David in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne ſhall reign.
12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit,
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.
13, 14 For Sion does in God's Eſteem
all other Seats excel;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt,
where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her Stores, ſays he, I will encreaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts
my ſaving Health confeſs.
17 There David's Pow'r ſhall long remain,
in his ſucceſſive Line;
And my anointed Servant there
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18 The Faces of his vanquiſh'd Foes
Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt, with confirm'd Succeſs, his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

Pſalm CXXXIII.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!
2 True Love is like that precious Oil
which pour'd on Aaron's Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
on Hermon's Top distil;
Or like the early Drops that fall
on Sion's fruitful Hill.
For Sion is the chosen Seat,
where the almighty King
The promis'd Blessing has ordain'd,
and Life's eternal Spring.

Psalm CXXXIV.

1 BLESS God, ye Servants that attend
upon his solemn State;
That in his Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait.
2, 3 Within his House lift up your Hands,
and bless his holy Name;
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord,
who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

Psalm CXXXV.

1 O Praise the Lord with one Consent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his House
attend with constant Care;
With those that to his outmost Courts
with humble Zeal repair.
3 For this our truest Int'rest is,
glad Hymns of Praise to sing;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful Thing.
4 For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of Jacob makes;
And Isr'el's Offspring for his own
most valu'd Treasure takes.
5 That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found;
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.
6 For he with unresisted Strength
performs his sov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
7 He raises Vapours from the Ground,
which pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at last in Show'rs, thro' which
his dreadful Lightenings glare.
8 He from his Store-house brings the Winds;
and he with vengeful Hand
The First-born slew of Man and Beast
thro' Egypt's mourning Land,

9 He

9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd
thro' ſtubborn Egypt's Coaſts:
Nor Pharaoh could his Plagues eſcape,
nor all his num'rous Hoſts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
and mighty Kings ſuppreſs'd:
Sihon and Og, and all beſides,
who Canaan's Land poſſeſs'd.
12, 13 Their Land upon his choſen Race
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall always laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.
14 For God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe
with pitying Eyes ſurvey;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.
15 Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes:
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.
18 As ſenſeleſs as themſelves, are they
that all their Skill apply
To make them; or in dangerous Times,
on them for Aid rely.
19 Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God
let grateful Iſr'el pay;
Nor let the Prieſts of Aaron's Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.
20 Their Senſe of his unbounded Love
let Levi's Houſe expreſs:
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bleſs.
21 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in Sion's Courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

Pſalm CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat:
To him due Praiſe afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey:
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay. For God, &c.
4, 5 By his almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought. For God, &c.
6 He spread the Ocean round
About the spacious Land;
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand. For God, &c.
7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display
His num'rous Hosts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night. For God, &c.
10, 11, 12 He struck the First-born dead,
Of Egypt's stubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his resistless Hand. For God, &c.
13, 14 By him the raging Sea,
as if in Pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle Way,
Thro' which his People went. For God, &c.
15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his Host,
Who daring to pursue,
Were in the Billows lost. For God, &c.
16, 17, 18 Thro' Desarts vast and wild
He led the chosen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarch's bleed. For, &c.
19, 20, Sihon, whose potent Hand
Great Ammon's Scepter sway'd;
And Og, whose stern Command
Rich Bashan's Land obey'd. For God, &c.
21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands whom he destroy'd,
He gave to Isr'el's Race,
to be by them enjoy'd. For God, &c.
23, 24 He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought. For God, &c.
25, 26 He does the Food supply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal Praises give.
For God will prove
our constant Friend:

His boundless Love
Shall never end.

Psalm CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we our wearied Limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates Stream;
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress,
and Sion was our mournful Theme.

2 Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung,
were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With silent Strings neglected hung
on Willow-trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd
to triumph in our slavish Wrongs,
Music and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come sing us one of Sion's Songs."

4 How shall we tune our Voice to sing?
or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O Salem, our once happy Seat!
when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
the speaking Strings with Art to move!

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
eternal Silence seize my Tongue:
Or if I sing one chearful Air
till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's Race
in thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "Her stately Walls deface,
and with the Ground quite level lay."

8 Proud Babal's Daughter, doom'd to be
of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey;
Blest is the Man who shall to thee
the Wrongs thou lay'st on us repay.

9 Thrice blest, who with just Rage possest,
and deaf to all the Parents' Moans,
Shall snatch thy Infants from the Breast,
and dash their Heads against the Stones.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

1 WIth my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praise I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,
and bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred Seat,
and with thy Love inspir'd,
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry;

And when my Soul was preſt with Fear,
didſt inward Strength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praiſe purſue;
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor reſpect;
The Proud far off, his ſcornful Eye
beholds with juſt Neglect.
7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſt,
he ſhall my Foes diſarm,
Relieve my Soul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
And keep me ſafe from Harm.
8 The Lord, whoſe Mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy State;
And mindful of his Favours paſt,
ſhall his own Work complete.

Pſalm CXXXIX

1, 2 THou, Lord, by ſtricteſt Search haſt known
My riſing up, and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My public Haunts and private Ways;
4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.
5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6 O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy Preſence run?
8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And, fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
10 Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.
11 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray

12 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' mid-night Shades thou find'ſt thy Way
As in the blazing Noon of Day.
13 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins, and ev'ry vital Part;
Each ſingle Thread in Nature's Loom,
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.
15 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay;
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark Incloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee,
Its Parts were regiſter'd by thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore;
Each Morn, reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.
19 The Wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God:
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20 Whoſe Tongues Heav'n's Majeſty profane,
And take the Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
Who thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Laws tranſgreſs?
22 Who practice Enmity to thee,
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me:
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any Part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

Pſalm CXL.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous Intent;
2 And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Miſchief bent.
3 Their ſland'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting

Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps
and Adder's Venom breed.
4 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin ſworn.
5 The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
and ſpread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins, where'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.
6 But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
thou art my God, I ſaid;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
That calls to thee for Aid.
7 O Lord, the God, whoſe ſaving Strength
kind Succour did convey;
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battle's doubtful Day.
8 Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns
to anſwer their Deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs,
to bolder Crimes aſpire.
9 Let firſt their Chiefs, the ſad Effects
of their Injuſtice mourn;
The blaſt of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themſelves return.
10 Let them, who kindled firſt the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely Tomb.
11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell
that bears themſelves away.
12 God will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe,
and ſpeedy Succour give:
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
and in his Preſence live.

Pſalm CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,
O haſte to my Relief:
And with accuſtom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2 Inſtead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.
3 From haſty Language curb my Tongue
and let a conſtant Guard

4 From wicked Mens Deſigns and Deeds
my Heart and Hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare
of their unrighteous Gain.
5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I ſhall think them kind:
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof ſhall find.
And in Return, my fervent Pray'r
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to ſore Diſtreſs.
6 When ſculking in Engedi's Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill:
7 Yet us they perſecute to Death,
our ſcatter'd Ruins lie,
As thick as from the Hewer's Ax
the ſever'd Splinters fly.
8 But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct
my ſupplicating Eyes;
O leave not deſtitute my Soul,
whoſe Truſt on thee relies.
9 Do thou preſerve me from the Snares,
that wicked Hands have laid:
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Eſcape is made.

Pſalm CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice,
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;
2 Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didſt my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
his Pity or Redreſs.
5 To God, at laſt, I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my Refuge art;
My Portion in the Land of Life,
till Life itſelf depart.
6 Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
to thee I make my Moan;
O! ſave me from oppreſſing Foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.
7 That I may praiſe thy Name,

Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me
aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

Pſalm CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy wonted Audience lend:
In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Anſwer ſend.

2 Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring,
thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be juſtify'd.

3 The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life,
whoſe Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Manſions of the Dead.

4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate,
with heavy Woes oppreſt.

5 I call to mind the Days of old,
and Wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes
employ my muſing Thought.

6 To thee my Hands in Humble Pray'r
I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts,
like Land oppreſs'd with Drought.

7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails,
thy Face no longer hide;
Leſt I become forlorn like them
that in the Grave reſide.

8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go,
my Soul to thee aſcends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes,
preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from thee.

10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
inſtruct me to obey:
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in the right Way.

11 O! for the ſake of thy great Name,
revive my drooping Heart;
For thy Truth's ſake, to me diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.

12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame;
Slay them that perſecute a Soul

1 FOR ever bleſs'd be God the Lord,
who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford
to wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2 His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
my Strong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
3 Lord what's in Man, that thou ſhouldſt love
ſuch tender Care of him to take?
What in his Offspring could thee move
ſuch great Account of him to make?
4 The Life of Man does quickly fade;
his Thoughts but empty are and vain,
His Days are like a flying Shade,
of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.
5 In ſolemn State, O God, deſcend,
whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
The ſmoking Hills aſunder rend,
of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6 Diſcharge thy dreadful Light'nings round,
and make my ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
and their Deſtruction ſoon complete.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
thy boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
9 So I to thee, O King of Kings,
in new-made Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe;
And Inſtruments of various Strings,
ſhall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe:
10 "God doth to Kings his Aid afford,
"to them his ſure Salvation ſends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring Sword,
"his Servant David ſtill defends."
11 Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow
well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
deſign'd ſome royal Court to grace.
13 Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
[illegible] with Plenty feed,

Our Sheep increasing more and more,
shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
14 Strong shall our labouring Oxon grow,
nor in their constant Labour faint;
Whilst we no War nor Slavery know,
and in our Streets hear no Complaint,
15 Thrice happy is that People's Case,
whose various Blessings thus abound;
Who God's true Worship still embrace,
and are with his Protection crown'd.

Psalm CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
thy endless Praise proclaim:
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bless thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.
4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
successively descends.
5, 6 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works express;
The World with me thy Might shall own,
and thy great Pow'r confess.
7 The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
they shall with Joy proclaim;
The Truth of all their grateful Songs
shall be the constant Theme.
8 The Lord is good, fresh Acts of Grace
his Pity still supplies;
His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
his willing Mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame
to all thy Works express:
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
is by thy Servants blest.
11 They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
shall of thy Kingdom speak;
And thy great Pow'r by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.
12 God's glorious Works of ancient Date,
shall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's royal State,
with public Splendor shown.
13 His stedfast Throne from Changes free,
shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless Sway no End shall see,
but Time itself outlast.

PART

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the Proſtrate riſe;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various Wants require
with open Hand he gives:
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
of ev'ry Thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt
for his Aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full Deſires of thoſe
who him with Fear adore;
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his Aid implore.
20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care
whom grateful Love employs;
But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage deſtroys.
21 My Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame;
And all Mankind with one Conſent,
for ever bleſs his Name.

Pſalm CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
for ever bleſs his Name;
His wond'rous Love while Life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.
4 Depriv'd of Breath to Duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
for his Protector takes:
Who ſtill with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his conſtant Refuge makes.
6 The Lord, that made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
nor make his Promiſe vain.
7 The Poor oppreſs'd from all their Wrongs
are eas'd by his Decree:
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Pris'ners free.

8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the Weak and Fall'n he rears:
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.
9 The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praiſes ſing.

Pſalm CXLVII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame;
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
2 His holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground;
Bring back his People, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the Nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds doth cloſe;
He tells the Number of the Stars
their ſeveral Names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wiſdom has no Bound;
The Meek he raiſes, and throws down
the wicked to the Ground.
7 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praiſe
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String.
8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows;
Thro' him, on Mountain Tops, the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
9 He, ſavage Beaſts, that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies;
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.
10 He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength diſdain;
The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
no Prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs Grace
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.

12, 13 Let

12, 13 Let Sion and Jeruſalem
to God their Praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſy Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.
14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
with fineſt Wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the Word, and what he wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
deſcend at his Command:
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.
17 When join'd to theſe, he does his Hail
in little Morſels break;
Who can againſt his piercing Cold
ſecure Defences make.
18 He ſends his Word that melts the Ice;
he makes his Wind to blow;
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.
19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
to Jacob's Sons were ſhow'n;
And ſtill to Iſr'el's choſen Seed,
his righteous Laws are known.
20 No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word. Hallelujah.

Pſalm CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame;
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim.
To ſing his Praiſe.
3, 4 Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun, that guid'ſt the Day;
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay;
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.
5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from nothing came;

And all ſhall laſt
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh, that thro' the Sea
Glide ſwift, with glitt'ring Scales;
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds, that where
He bids them blow.

9, 10 By Hills and Mountains, (all
In graceful Concert join'd)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd;
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim;
In this Deſign
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

14 His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſr'el's Race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful Voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

Pſalm CXLIX.

1, 2 O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing,
In our great Creator

And Children of Sion
be glad in their King.
3, 4 Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes Pleaſure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the Humble to bleſs.
5, 6 With Glory adorn'd
his People ſhall ſing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does ſhield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praiſes
of him their great King;
Whilſt a two-edged Sword
thy Right-hand ſhall wield,
7, 8 Juſt Vengeance to take
for Injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe Lands
for Ruin deſign'd;
With Chains as their Captives,
to tie their Kings faſt,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.
9 Thus ſhall they make good,
when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim:
Such Honour and Triumph
his Saints ſhall enjoy;
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name.

Pſalm CL.

1 O Praiſe the Lord in that bleſt Place
from whence his Goodneſs largly
Praiſe him in Heav'n, where he his Fa
unveil'd in perfect Glory ſhows.
2 Praiſe him for all the mighty Acts
which he in our Behalf has done;
His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
with which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.
3 Let the ſhrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
make Rocks and Hills his Praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with Harp's melodious Noiſe,
and gentle Pſalt'ry's ſilver Sound.
4 Let Virgin-Troops ſoft Timbrels bring,
and ſome with graceful Motion dance;
Let Inſtruments of various Strings,
with Organs [illegible] his Praiſe advance.

5 Let them who joyful Hymns compoſe,
to Cymbals ſet their Songs of Praiſe;
Cymbals of common Uſe, and thoſe
that loudly ſound on ſolemn Days.
6 Let all, that vital Breath enjoy
the Breath he does to them afford,
In juſt Returns of Praiſe employ;
let every Crature praiſe the Lord!

Common Meaſure.

1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 25.

2 To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all Eternity.

As the 100 Pſalm.

3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom Heav'n and Earth adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As the old 112th, and the laſt Part of the 113th Pſalm Tune.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heav'ns triumphant Hoſt,
and ſuff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory, as in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
when Time itſelf muſt be no more.

As Pſalm 148.

5 To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſt,
As heretofore,
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

1 OC 57

As Pſalm 149.

6 By Angels in Heav'n
of every Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
all Praiſe be addreſt
To God in Three Perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

FINIS.